

# CRAZY

## SUPER SPECIAL



CC

02904

1980

JULY

N: 64

\$1.25



**SPECIAL  
BONUS!**

COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE:  
EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO PLAY

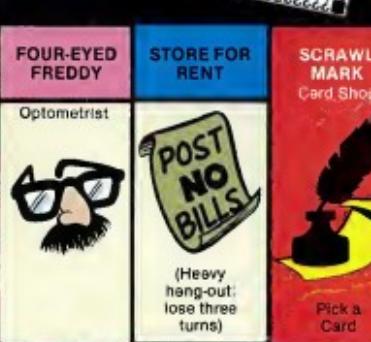
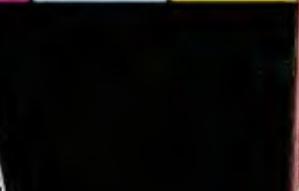
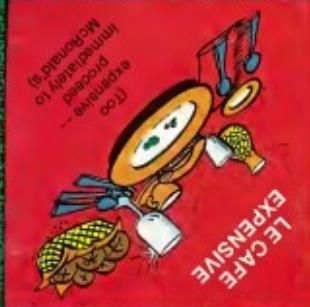
## MALL-OPOLY

- YOU GET:
- A FULL COLOR GAME BOARD
  - WHEEL OF KARMA AND  
WELTSCHMERZ
  - MALL-OPOLY MONEY
  - DESPERATION CARDS
  - FUTILITY CARDS
  - BOREDOM CARDS
  - ENNUI CARDS
  - CUT-OUT MARKERS
  - ILLUSTRATED DIRECTIONS  
AND RULES

THE GAME OF HANGING OUT IN  
SHOPPING CENTERS UNTIL YOUR  
BRAINS TURN TO  
RUNNY CREAM  
CHEESE FROM  
SHEER BOREDOM.  
(SOME ASSEMBLY AND  
COLORING REQUIRED)



PLUS: SELECTED VINTAGE HILARITY FROM PAST ISSUES



STAN LEE presents

# CRAZY SUPER SPECIAL

Vol. 1 No. 64  
July 1980

LARRY HAMA editor

JIM OWSLEY associate editor

MARIE SEVERIN art director

JOE ALBENO production

MILT SCHIFFMAN v.p. production

JIM SHERMAN cover artist

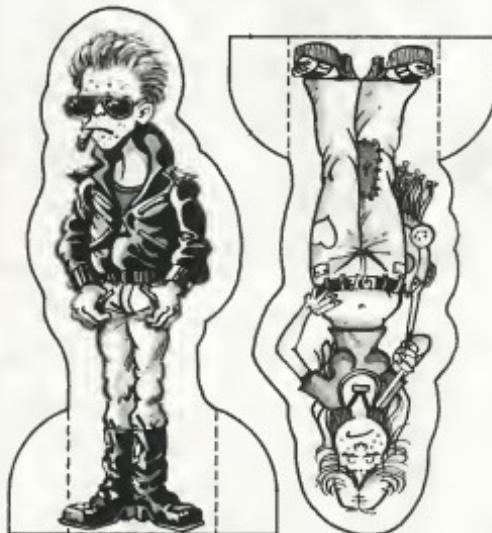
MARVIN M. MALLARD cartoon editor

OBNOXIO THE CLOWN complaints

JIM SHOOTER editor-in-chief of extremely tall things

ARTISTS AND WRITERS THIS ISSUE:

*an unusually obstreperous bunch of berserker buffoons*



In This Issue:

## THE EMPIRE STRIKES OUT

Star Warts (A CRAZY Movie Parody)..... 4

## MOOSE HISTORY

Part 4..... 12  
Part 5..... 38  
Part 6..... 53

## PHI BETA CAPERS

College Bulletins Of The Future..... 16

## BOOB TUBE BLUES

T.V. Misguide..... 19

## HOLY LUBE JOB!

Hot Rods Of The Gods..... 27

## ROCK YOCKS

Rock 'N' Rolling Stone..... 33

## THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAM

Getting Around The Big City..... 42

## SCHOOL RULES FOR FOOLS

How To Survive Your Education..... 45

## MAKE ROOM FOR SNYDER

One Daze At A Time  
(A CRAZY T.V. Parody)..... 57

## MEAN TEEN 'ZINE

Street Gang Illustrated..... 61

## MALL-OPOLY

The Game Of Hanging Out In Shopping  
Malls Until Your Brains Turn To Runny  
Cream Cheese From Sheer Boredom

67

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Take a whole bunch of mediocre actors, mix well with a hackneyed story-line, add a couple of hundred gaudy special effects, sprinkle liberally with robots, aliens and assorted spacecraft, and what do you get???

No...not old Star Trek reruns, dumb! Swallow that and you'll get...

Oh, dear me! All this shooting and killing! Tell me, ME2-YOU2...have we accidentally stumbled into New York City in the year 1977?

BURP  
BLIP!  
BLOOP!

Writer:  
Paul Kupperberg

Artist:  
Alan Kupperberg

# STAR WARTS

Is that so? Good thing I understand robot talk! Trouble is, I don't understand what's going on in the rest of the movie! The way they started it in the middle of the story is enough to confuse anybody! What is going on?

So that's it! Now I get it! This is the space-ship of one of the good guys who was on his way to the Rebel forces to deliver certain tapes, the contents of which could be used to destroy the bad guys! Is that what you're saying?

Hmmm, I suspected that... but this is the first time I've heard all the details! You know, it's a pleasure listening to you...you do have a way of clarifying things!

GLEEP-ZOOK!

by PAUL  
ALAN  
KUPPERBERG  
7-7-77

Oh-Oh...here comes our cute and cuddly heroine, Princess LA-Dee-Da, fleeing for her life from Imperial soldiers! Just like in the old Flash Gordon movies!

PEEM

PLAM

Listen, if you guys pass a mailbox, would you mind dropping this in for me? It's the top secret tapes! Whatever you do...don't let Lord Death Vader get his hands on them!

SUPPOSE HUGH HEFNER GAVE A PARTY AND NOBODY CAME

Why not?

His palms are always sweaty...he'll wilt them out of shape!



Later...

Okay, Princess...no more nice guy! Are you going to tell me where the secret rebel base is located? And mainly, where are the tapes containing that secret?

My name is  
Princess  
LA-DEE-DA...  
serial number  
265-39...

Will you  
knock it off  
with that War  
movie jazz!



Since you refuse to talk,  
you leave me no choice  
but to blow up your  
home-planet, Alsaran!

And that's just far  
openers! If you continue  
this defiance, I will inflict  
on you the ultimate  
cruelty...I will destroy all  
your Eddie Fisher records!

All right already, don't  
tell me! You win! I  
can't stand to see o  
woman crying! It's my  
only weakness!

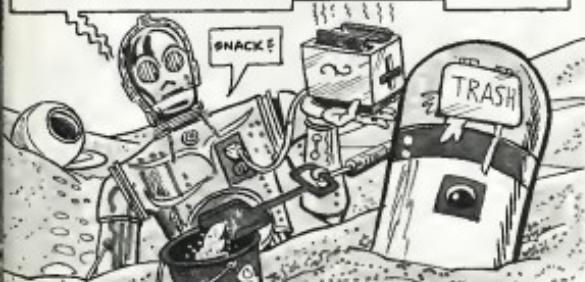


More later...

This is another fine mess you've gatten us into, ME-2-YOU-2! Do you know how hot it gets inside this robot-suit in the desert?

WEE-WEE  
HOO-HAA  
TOOT!

Uh-ah...you  
should have  
thought of  
that before  
we left!



Well, here we are in the  
middle of nowhere with no  
relief from the sun, and not  
on Exxx station in sight!

At least nothing else can  
go wrong!

ZEEP!  
CREEP!  
PLEEP!



NOW!  
SHIMON!  
WAPOP!

I know, I  
know...me and  
my big mouth!

STAMP OUT FLAMENCO DANCING!

Hey, this  
escape-pod was  
used by  
mechanical  
robot 'droids!

How can  
you tell?

They left behind  
empty oil cans with  
straws in them!  
Let's find 'em and  
sell 'em to that Lunk  
Skyjunker's Uncle Ben!

Uncle Ben?  
What'll he  
do with  
them?

Some  
as always...  
convert 'em  
into rice!



Much later...

These are the two new 'droids I bought to work on our moisture farm, Uncle Ben! Maybe they can tell us how to grow moisture... We've been trying for years!

I know they'll do good...or my name ain't Lunk Skyjerker hero of this movie, chief cook and fun-loving garbage collector...

But we need someone who can work an Intergalactic plow!

I can work an intergalactic plow!

We need someone who can speak our language... Pookie!

I speak Pookie!



Most later...

So Jeep-Cher-03...you say that you and ME2-YOU2 were aboard a blue-and-orange Star-Cruiser with a beautiful Princess who was captured by some weird interstellar space pirates? That's really far-fetched! I mean...who would paint a Star-Cruiser blue and orange?

But assuming you're correct... why would they want the Princess?



Help me, OBI-WON KANAPE...OBI-WON-TON KANAPE!

Hey! Where's he going? And who's OBI-WON-TON-KANAPE? Sounds like something I ate or the Chinese diner last night!

The Princess sent a tape with ME2-YOU2 to be delivered to somebody named OBI-WON-TON KANAPE...

Only he can save the Princess! That's Incredible! I don't know any OBI-WON-TON KANAPE...but there's an old hermit nearby named BEN KANAPE! Do you think it's the same man?



Really  
loter...

Oh-Oh! Following that little clunker into the desert here has gotten us face-to-face with one of the dreaded **sand people**! Now he's gonna grind me up into sand myself! And me...a guy who's hated the beach all my life!

Fear not, my futuristic friend...**Ben Kenobi** is here! I will save you with my special power...



Go away...  
'sand  
person...  
br, in your  
own weird  
language...  
**AMSCRAY!**

**YEECH  
FEH!  
POO POO  
GAVAL!**

Special power  
being my  
incredible  
B.O....  
body odor...  
works every  
time!



Here...take this **laser sword**! It  
will help you in your battles!



So You're OBI-WON-TON  
Kenope! Wow! I heard about  
you! I even have your  
bubblegum card, that's how  
famous you were! But you're  
old now...you should be  
collecting Intergalactic Social  
Security! How can you help  
the Princess fight the evil ones  
and save us all?



With the  
power of  
the force!

The force  
of good  
and  
righteous-  
ness?

No...the force  
of my  
contract and  
star value!  
Remember...  
I'm the only  
name actor  
in this whole  
furshugginer  
cost!

LOVE THE NEIGHBOR-BUT DON'T GET GAUCHY!

Gosh! My very own **laser  
sword**! I can hardly wait to  
try it out...WHOOPS!



Heh, Heh! Sorry about that, man!

Never mind...it's only a flesh  
wound of the heart! Lucky  
I'm on Medicoid!



Later  
Later...

Well, here we are in town...  
looking for a dishonest, yet  
nobel pilot to fly us off this  
planet, deliver the tapes to  
the rebel forces and save the  
beautiful Princess! Where  
should we look first? How  
about Hertz Rent-a-Rocket?

Too  
expensive!  
Let's look in  
the Yellow  
Pages!

SPACE PARKING

But we  
don't want  
a Yellow  
pilot...we  
want a  
brave one!

Look! There are the 'droids that Lord  
Death Wader told us to capture!



Siman Sez:  
Act like a  
dog! Do it!



Gosh, Obi Won-Ton Kanope...  
how'd you do that? It's  
fantastic!

It's nothing, my boy...you should see what  
I do with hippopotomuses!



Was it the  
power of  
the force?

No...the power of the  
force! If you lay it  
on thick, audiences  
will believe anything!

My name's Honk Silo...  
handsome, but slightly dishonest,  
space pilot...owner of the Maltese  
Pigeon, the fastest spaceship in  
the galaxy! What can I do you  
for? And talk fast...I'm  
double-parked!

We'll pay you and your  
partner 17,000 credits to  
fly us off this planet and  
help us save the universe!

Sorry...I  
charge  
**25,000** for  
saving the  
universe!

It's a deal! But remember...I  
always make the same bargain  
**2% for cash!**

Here we go, folks!  
Fasten your  
seatbelts and no  
smoking, please!  
The stewardess  
will serve you  
drinks in a  
minute! Thank  
you for flying  
Maltese!

Are you sure this  
thing is fast enough  
to outrun Imperial  
space-fighters, Honk?

Are you  
kidding,  
kid? I used  
to drag  
race on  
Sunset  
Boulevard!

See, kid? I've left those  
guys so far behind it's not  
funny! What do you say  
to that?

ULPI! I think I'm gonna  
be sick! Where's the  
(ulp) paper bag?



REARM VENUS DE MILUDI

Gosh, Obi Won-Ton! Look at the  
size of that  
marble!

That's no marble, Lunk!  
That's the dreaded Hurt  
Star...the Galactic  
Empire's answer to the  
Mafia!

I'll bet the Princess  
is being held captive  
there!

You're on! I'll bet  
\$2! How about you,  
Honk...want a piece  
of the action?

No...but  
I may want a  
piece of the  
Princess later!



And so  
later...

Okay, we  
managed to  
sneak into the  
Hurt Stor, get  
disguises and  
make our way  
unseen to their  
inner compound!  
What next?  
Lunk?

Simple, Honk...we grab  
the Princess!

Easy, fella...this  
is a PG-rated  
movie! We'll have  
none of that!



Hey, there's the Princess now! But, our luck...  
She's got enemy troopers surrounding her!

PONK  
PONK

BLA



Follow me...I'll save us!

Er...next time I say "Follow  
me", just tell me to Shut Up!

Man, talk about a real dump...this  
place smells worse than Hoboken in  
the summer!

YODA  
WALDO



Later,  
else  
where...

Lord Death Wader...my  
former pupil...so you're  
the man behind all this  
death and destruction!

Who else? You  
were expecting  
maybe Charles  
Manson?



Toke  
that, you  
old fool!

Mother of Mercy!  
(ugh!) is this the end of  
Ricca?

Die  
already...you  
got the  
wrang  
movie!

Look! There's Lord Death Wader! We  
can't let him get his hands on those **topes**!

Or anything else for  
that matter!



You must  
give me  
those  
topes! If  
you don't  
...my whole  
empire  
will be  
lost to me!

No! Never...  
no matter what  
horrible torture  
you plan to use  
to get it from us!

(sigh) I  
was  
afraid I'd  
have to  
resort to  
this...

OOSH-OOSH!  
**Faint!**



...Lost In Space reruns!

(gosp) No...not that!

Please stop! We'll give you the topes!



We'll do anything you say! Just do  
force us to watch that!

At last!  
The tape  
is once  
again  
mine!

Now that you've got  
it...can you tell us one  
thing? We've chased  
across the galaxy,  
risked our lives, went  
through a nightmare  
travel. Before we're...so  
what's it all about?  
What's so important  
about that **tape**?

This tape? Why, it's those  
missing 18 minutes!

I'm so relieved to have it back  
once again...let me make that  
perfectly clear!



# HISTORY OF MOOSEKIND

Part IV — The collective progress of Moosekind is exemplified in the history of Italy.

A bargain-basement expedition down the crossroads of yesterday with Dr. Melville Moose, noted phrenologist, dermatologist, paleontologist and token member of the Cosa Mostra.

Dr. Moose is recognized as one of the world's leading authorities on Italian Peninsulas.



Writer & Artist: BOB FOSTER

Traditionally, the history of Italy starts with the twin brothers **ROMELUS** and **REMOOS**. In 753 BC, Romelus founded the city of Romelusberg. Territorial disputes split the city in half, thus creating the city of **ROME** and its nearby sister-city, **LUSBERG**. Remoos went on to write the immortal "TALES OF UNCLE RE-MOOS."

**FONGOOLIUS CAESAR** united the expanding Roman Empire in 49 BC but was rubbed out in 44 BC by **BRUTUS** "PRETTY BOY" MOOSE and his henchmen. The throne was left to **AMOOOSTUS CAESAR** and his half-brother **CID CAESAR**. Since he was bigger, Amooostus assumed the throne while his half-brother, a noted chef, gained fame with his creation of the famous **CID SALAD**.

Rumblings of discontent within the empire were intensified with the teachings of a **MOOSIAH**, from Nazereth.

With the death of the Moosiah under the antlers of **PONTIUS MOOSE**, the empire entered the Moosian Era. Moosianity flourished.



THE ITALIAN PENINSULA



FONGOOLIUS CAESAR



PONTIUS MOOSE



THE MOOSIAH

In 64 AD, a fire leveled most of Rome, and the emperor NEROAST, seeking a scapemoose, blamed the disaster on the Moosians.

At the season's opener at the Mooseleum, Neroast himself threw out the first Moosian.

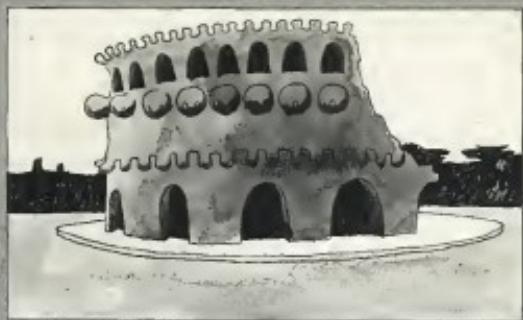
In 434 AD, ATTILA THE MOOSE and his mongrel herds invaded Italy and the empire began to crumble.

In 476 AD, Rome, along with the rest of Europe, entered the DARK AGES.

Moosekind emerged from the Dark Ages in the fourteenth century, marking the birth of the RENAISSANCE. The Renaissance was one of the most significant periods of progress in the history of Moosekind.

After establishing trade relations with China, the adventurer MOOSO POLO went to Spain, where he was captured and cooked. This was the origin of the Spanish dish, ARROZ CON POLO.

Explorers took to the sea under the leadership of CHRISTOPHER COLUMBMOOS and VASCO DA GAMOOS.



ABOVE: The Mooseleum In Rome.



LEFT: Rome during the Dark Ages.



BELOW: Emperor Neroast throws a Moosian to the wolves.



MOOSO POLO



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBMOOS



VASCO DA GAMOOS

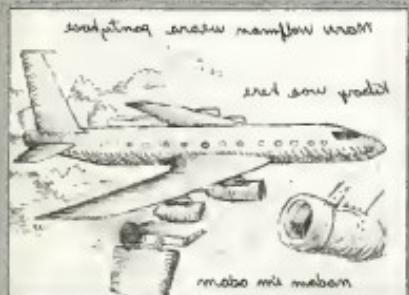
The art world was overwhelmed by the efforts of the prolific MOOSELANGELO. Both a sculptor and a painter, one of his greatest achievements was the painting of the CISTERN CHAPEL.

Another renaissance giant was LEONARDO DA MOOSE who, besides being an artist, was also a scientist and inventor.

RIGHT: The Moosa Lisa by Leonardo Da Moose.



BELOW: Da Moose's drawing for a flying machine.



ABOVE: Detail of two sections of the ceiling of the Cistern Chapel.



RIGHT: The statue of David by Mooselangelo, the greatest chiseler of them all.



"THE LAST GRAZE" BY LEONARDO DA MOOSE

As the leadership of the world passed into other hands, Rome stepped from the spotlight. After World War II and the end of the dictatorship of BENIDO MOOSELLINI, Italy began to grow as a world center for film production. Her film industry gave us such esteemed directors as Vittorio De Moosa, Mooselangelo Antleroni, Federico Femoosini, Jack Schwartz, and currently Bernardo Bertomoocci.

And the audiences have swooned over such stars as Giulietta Moosina, Marcello Moostroioni, Clint Eastmoose, and the current star of "Last Stampede in Venice," Marlon Mooso.



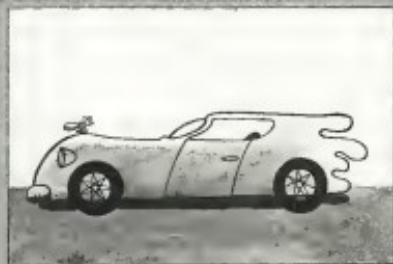
The late  
dictator  
Benido  
Mooselini.

## Last Stampede in Venice

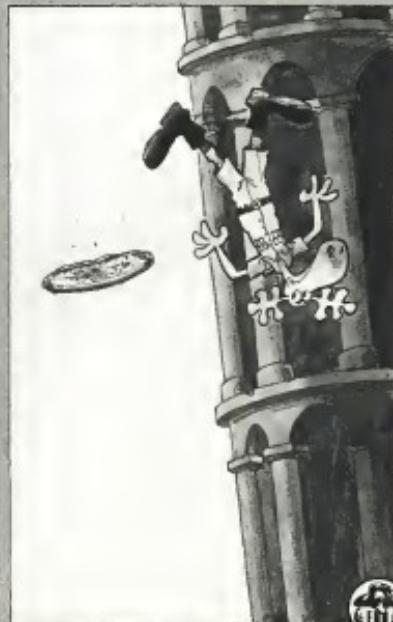


Dr. Melville Moose visits the leaning Tower of Pizza, a local fast-service food joint. Taking his Pepperoni pizza to the observation deck, Dr. Moose conducted an experiment to prove that two objects fall at the same speed, regardless of mass.

Since the Pepperoni was flat to begin with, it was a lot easier to scrape off the sidewalk.



Automotive craftsmanship and styling is unsurpassed in Italian cars. A prime example is this 1974 Mooseratti.



Each year thousands of High School graduates move on to college, and each year the many universities send College Bulletins. And we call it . . .

# COLLEGE BULLETINS

Welcome, students, to the pock-marked campus of the Idawa University of Demise, named after Idawa, the Arctician god of cutlery, and located in the town of Demise on the border of Idaho and Iowa. We hope your fourteen years here will be enlightening, rewarding, satisfying, profitable, productive, fulfilling, and green. We hope you will all achieve the magnificent ideal of human growth potential spoken of by our founder, Adam Idawa, when he said: "Taller than tree is bigger than bridge." Aren't you?



Chancellor Fubshudget has asked me to make the following comments.



Firstly, you are the first freshmen since the Great Virus War to show a definite downward trend in Genetic Deterioration Factor Test Scores. This means that, unlike your severed parents, you will most likely not suffer total brain tissue spoilage by age thirty-five. We are encouraged.



Secondly, and this comes not as a warning but as a reminder . . . since IUD is a licensed practical University operating under State Land Grant Axion Charter 1133, we, the Administration, are legally empowered to kill any student who disobeys any of our rules. This policy will be rigidly enforced. What's more, we reserve the right to disfigure the body of any student accused of conspiracy to break the rules. So, please, exercise caution.

ers and bulletins to woo their prospective students. CRAZY now presents our version of one particular such

# OF THE FUTURE

Idawa University  
Of Demise  
Orientation  
Address: 2007

So much for deformities. Now, I'd like to discuss with you our campus, its faculty and staff, its student body, and some of the rules you must obey to keep University life wholesale and tangy.



Our 218-acre fully-irrigated campus is known throughout the nation for the potatoes which grow under its ample mall space. The annual sale of this crop helps us keep up with the rising cost of your education, so we ask that you respect your potatoes.

Feel free to use the mall areas for study, leisure, and, of course, for your monthly self-depreciation ritual, but stay between the furrows, please.

Every building on the IUD campus has been built to meet the specifications of the National Council on Mid-Channeling. Every classroom is fully equipped with the latest techno-educational hardware, including para-projectors, iridescent warp lemons to prevent your thoughts from wandering, and pliers.

Our faculty is noted for its brilliance but do not let this dissuade you from asking questions. We are here to serve you. Your teacher will be happy to expose itself to complete scrutiny if your research so requires.



Writer: STEVE GERBER  
Art: TIM KIRK

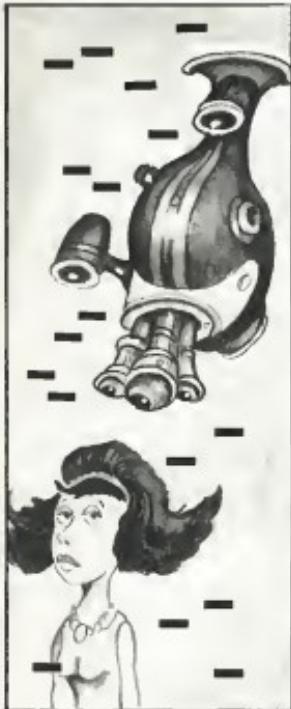


Your course work this first semester will cover our entire basic liberal arts curriculum, including psychmotley, yggdrasil bending, urwine tasting, electrotrigonomosis, and Mayan literature and film criticism. You will also undergo sensitivity training, in which your corporal parts will be subjected to an electric crowd prod.

I have not the time to talk in depth about our depth rules. When you get to your dormitory rooms, each of you will find there a copy of our official student handbook, the IUD Job. Study it carefully.

I do, however, wish to stress our dress code: Men and women wishing to go barefoot must polish their toenails with official University Pink High-Gloss Toe-Cast. This polish must also be worn on the elbows, unless it is raining. No orange underwear will be allowed. No blue denim will be allowed anywhere on the body; you may chew a piece if you feel the need. Hair length is forbidden. Ripped or worn clothing is permissible only below the knees. And remember, any infraction of these rules is punishable by death.

As far as student rites are concerned, you will each be required to perform a monthly public sexual self-depreciation ritual. At this time, the handmaiden assigned to you will break one of your bones. You will use this broken bone in a provocative manner on the student of your choice. —



You'll find our student body exceptionally willing, we hope. And we've taken every precaution to see that it stays that way. Female students will be fitted with pristine monitors, so that no one can attack you without first obtaining administration approval. All your responses will be recorded on the climaxtron data bank in the Central Computer Facility for later use.

All students, male and female, will be monitored twenty-three hours per day. The free zone is yours for showering or bathing.



Any male student caught with his rites down for any reason, including illness, is subject to injection with Caligula's Disease microbes and may be forced to eat it privately. Female students caught doing same may be impaled for one hour on the punishment totem in the main quadrangle.

I hope this answers most of your questions about the Idawa University of Demise. If not, please refrain from asking any, because making threatening paragraphs in my presence is punishable by port swabbing of the ears. Thank you.

Enjoy your boots!



**CRAZY KIP OFF SECTION** In order to make heads or tails out of the following mind-boggling mess, you gotta do some work there. Pilgrims. First remove the entire 8 page TV MISGUIDE section. Got that? Now then, cut along the dotted line. No, not across Rock Rock's chest, you dummy! Fine, now fold right in the center, and there you have it. Of course, if you don't do everything just as we told you, you'll probably be able to read the whole fershluginer mess anyway, but, what the hey, right?

# PARLORMOUND SMOKERS WOULD RATHER DIE THAN SWITCH

Fine rich tobacco which gives you that special groove feeling, making you turn over once again that it teach is your thing, than smoking should be your thing, too.

Yes, Performound smokers would rather die than switch... and then keep coming back for more!



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dumb

## EYEWITNESS NEWS GOES NUDE

15 Resnicoffs



Mon. 52-Mar. 201

MCG

The Brand New  
New Jerry Van Dyke  
Show page 400



Rock Rock And  
Chastity Schwartz  
Of "The Little Woman"

page 37

# TV Teletype: New York

## ERROR LEVOR REPORTS:

Sesame Street regular, GROVER, is making a special guest appearance on the July 7, Marcus Welby show. Grover, when asked about the change in image he has been trying to create for himself (a new toupee, capped teeth, a seam removal, and the sewing up of where the hands used to operate his mouth) said, "It's about time. One hates to become typecast in any role. And besides, the Welby part is a challenge to my creative ego." There have been no suggestions yet for Grover's replacement on the popular kiddycast, but according to reliable spokesman for the producer, a nationwide search will begin in two months. Also, they will be looking for a more rugged type. Possibly something that resembles an elephant.

TIFFANY JEWELS, star of the CBS daytime science fiction soap opera, *As The Worlds Turn*, has just signed to do a Mike Nichols movie. To explain her absence from the star-soap, she will find herself lost in a "star-cluster nebulae" for the next three months. Her husband, played by JIM MABORS, will begin a search for her body, decide she is dead, and then meet a new girl whom he'll marry. The snapshot will come in late February when an alien super race will transport Tiffany to the wedding just in time to prevent it.

MARINA BUXON, who will play Alestra, the scheming woman after

Tiffany's husband, will then commit suicide by leaping out of

Skylab's space station and exploding in the vacuum of space.

Where are they now? Dept: HIBON BOB SMYTHE, host of the 1950's children's show, *Bingo Doody*, died, falling drunk down a flight of stairs . . . WALLY HASKILL, of *Leave It To Beaver*, on skid row without a penny to his name . . . AVA LARDEN, walking 42nd Street after a series of financial disasters . . . TORQUEMADA POOL, late of the *Happy Undertaker Show*, in the Mayo Clinic writhing in agony due to a famous social disease he picked up after chatting over old times with Ava Larden.

ABC's Tuesday Night Movie will be featuring some famous guest actors not usually associated with the TV mini-movies. ELIZABETH TAYLOR and her sometimes husband RICHARD BURTON will play a middle-age couple caught in a maelstrom of horror in "The Tidy Bowl Blues," a suspense drama about a dirty toilet bowl and the many agencies in cleaning it . . . THE KNEEELER ELVES will star in a Ray Bradbury adaptation of his own "Martian Chronicles" novel . . . FLIPPER, star of his own TV show a few seasons back, will be playing Willy Loman in an underwater re-make of "Death of a Salesman" . . . THE MAN FROM CIAD will find himself wrapping more than sandwiches as he plays Walter Cronkite in "The Walter Cronkite Story."

# TV Teletype: Hollywood

## JOSEPH WINAGIN REPORTS:

Occasionally Dead star, LEO D. KNISH, has announced that he's quitting the popular comedy horror show because he is tired of playing a corpse which just lies around the family crypt stinking all day. "I was raised to be an actor, not a dead body" said the late Mr. Knish . . . Plans to revive Gilligan's Island have sunk once again. BOB DENVER, however, will be recreating his role in the old Bobbie Gillie for a new version of that show. Zelma Posner will be played by the late Gertrude Berg. No one has yet been selected to play Bobbie's parents, but front runners for the eourt-e-after role are Raquel Welch and Zero Mostel.

It seems as if science fiction is coming back to network TV, even after the recent cancellation of *Starloney*, one of the very top sci-fi pix. IRWIN ALLEN, who last brought us *Lost In Space* and *Land Of The Giants* has come up with a new show which he says is intelligent and for the adult viewer. *Robot*, the Happy robot is the tentative title dealing with a recently created Robot who becomes friendly with a young child. And between the two of them, they cause havoc and fun for the people of Sunnydale, Michigan, where the story takes place. Allen describes this home-spun sci-fi show as "The Waltons with a little fantasy thrown in for good measure." . . . Hanna-Barbera, the animation people, are currently preparing a Saturday morning cartoon show based on John Milton's "Paradise Lost."

BOWARD COSELL will be roasting on the Apr. 17, *Dean Martin Show*. He will then be served with potatoes and vegetables. Desserts will be extra . . . CHARLEY WEATHER and KAREN VALENTINE, both regulars on *The Hollywood Squares* have been signed for an episode of *Love Story* about a May-very Late December Romance. Weaver has said of the show, "This kind of show is important because everyone should realize that we older folks still have a lot of pep. Yes sir, we certainly ZZZzzzzzzzzz.

MONTY HALL of *Let's Make A Deal* infamy, will be starring in a new game show, *Let's Make A Divorce* which will feature separating couples who have to guess which divorce settlement waits behind curtain one, two or three. Two are pretty good for the hubby, so says Hall, but the last one, WHO! . . . The FCC has announced stringent regulations of new TV shows. In fact, beginning next week, nothing that doesn't have educational matter will be permitted on the airwaves. Starting Monday, all your favorites will be cancelled, making way for a seventeen hour new version of *Sermonette*.

DARREN McGAVIN has been signed on for 37 mini-movies made for TV for next month. According to McGavin's agent, he will be playing everyone from a reporter who meets a living salami, to Mount Vesuvius erupting. His most exacting role, however, will be "And So I Died" which will actually force the famous actor to use facial expressions. "I'm not sure I can do it." McGavin is heard to have said, "But, I'll damn well try."



## Chastity Begins At Home . . .

The diminutive star of "The Little Woman" grants an interview—at short last.

by Neil Hiccup

Most people refuse to believe their eyes, but it is true: Chastity Schwartz, star of NBC's "The Little Woman" is only six inches tall. Most who watch the prime time telecast believe her height is due to special effects. Rather, it was due to a long extensive search by Producer Kahill Dwarf, who also created the show.

"We searched the world over for almost seven months, looking for the proper star, and we think we found her in Chastity. There were more than 200,000 applicants, ranging in height from 2.7 inches to three and a half feet, but Chastity just had them all beat. There is something about the all-American way she looks, that . . . that Barbi-doll appearance of hers that makes American men want to keep her in their breast pocket."

I searched Chastity out at her San Bernardino home, a palatial 40 room mansion that rises about two feet high; she needs little more than this. I thought it was particularly cute when she pointed out where the word "Mat-

tel" was painted over on the side of her house.

I asked her about her house, about the beautiful furniture she has, and she spoke to me.

"What's that? I can't hear you, Ms. Schwartz. Speak up, will you. Did you say something? Hunh? Louder. I can't make out what you're saying."

About this time her agent, Tiny Tim, came by, and set up the special microphones they use to speak with her.

"I buy all my furniture and equipment from toy stores," Chastity explains. "I simply go through the doll houses, buying all the extras that they now have available. And, fortunately, I just happen to be the same exact size as Barbi's friend, Kim, so clothes are no problem.

"My friends? Well, obviously there are some problems. I do have friends, you understand, all under one foot tall; they live out at the Midget farm in Pasadena. You may have heard, some were destroyed by a flood out there last year. Anyway, we tend to go places together, except that we don't go to dances anymore. Not since Eddie, that's my brother, not since he was trampled on a few years back by a normal sized person during a frugging contest.

"Food's a cinch. We buy one olive, and it lasts us for weeks. A Fig Newton or a Twinkie is enough for a special party. We also save on milk, buying a week's worth of milk at the school cafeteria. So, shortness is really not much of a problem."

I asked Chastity about her parents. Were they normal sized?

"Sure. In fact, my father was a basketball player, and my mother, a Las Vegas Chorus Girl. I don't know what happened to me. But I think my parents first had an inclination to my future size when I weighed two ounces at birth."

Were there any major problems in being so small, I questioned Chastity.

"None other than crossing the street during rush hour." ■

# And Then I Played "DAUGHTER OF THE MONGOOSE MAN"



by  
Ralph Shoehornstein

Every other actress thought the role was stupid. So naturally they turned to Ursula.

Hollywood has always loved a fool, so it's no surprise that everyone loves Ursula Boraxo, star of the CBS miniseries, *Gidget Becomes A Nun*.

Ursula, a ravaged 24 year old red-head from Gary, Indiana, a graduate from the Colonel Chicken School for the Terminally Tall, is one of the biggest fools in downtown Burbank, a fact which even she is aware of. "It's not that I try to be dumb, you understand, it's just that my IQ is roughly that of a set of monkey bars, and I never really do anything that isn't somehow screwed up."

Producer Ivan Crowbar agrees. "Ursula's a jinx. Take the time she lost her compact in 'Old Faithful' during the filming of 'Bob & Carol & Ted & Smokey.' The company had to wait

(Continued) →



(Continued from page 3)

86 minutes until it came up again.

Director Terrence Tunahans who worked with Ursula on "I Was The Daughter Of The Mongoose Man" has another story of Ursula's supreme stupidity.

"We were filming the Biblical spectacular, 'God—His Own Story,' based on an interview granted to Billy Graham which appeared in Reader's Digest. Well, Ursula was playing Mrs. God to Ken Berry's God. There was this scene which featured the flood, and we hired two hundred million extras for it. The action began and we opened up the Pacific Ocean, which we had held back. The idea was that God was angry at mankind because Adam wouldn't tell him who put those eight great tomatoes in that tiny can, and so God was going to flood the Earth for 10 days and 10 nights. Ursula was supposed to plead for mankind, only to incur God's wrath even more and forcing him to flood the world for 40 days and 40 nights for spite. The scene was crucial now. The flood was beginning. In fact, it was getting out of hand. A runaway tide actually destroyed half of Pasadena before we held it in check. The extras were supposed to get in this giant helicopter just in time to be whisked away from the flood area

when Ursula fell from the styrofoam cloud she was supposed to be watching the action from. The copter blades broke, and the extras were killed. I tell you, it was no fun writing two hundred million sympathy cards to their husbands and wives. So that's the kind of klutz old lovable Ursula is."

And so it goes. During the making of "The Coney Island Monster," Ursula accidentally sunk Coney Island. While filming "White House Hullaballoo" she somehow erased nine hours of videotape and so replaced it with a Wynona record and two songs by the Tijuana Brass.

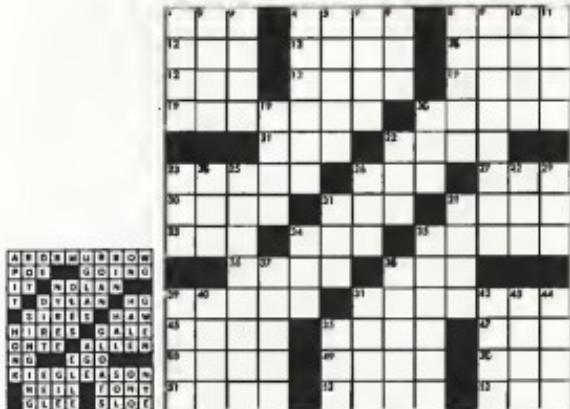
Ursula, born the only daughter of Pepe Rabinowitz and Fenny Washbaum, the famous chorus girl in those Busby Berkeley musicals during the thirties, grew up in an incubator until she was eleven. Majoring in Cheerleading, she came to the attention of Otto Primadonna, the famous German director, because of her excellent impersonations of a tuna fish. He immediately cast her in a Jacques Cousteau special on ABC where she was spearred by the famous Oceanographer, and she spent the summer of '72 in the hospital. A team of Doctors labored over her for twelve months trying to remove a seventeen foot whaling harpoon from her left pinky.

In March of '73, Ursula married Rodney Rodney, the game show host, whom she promptly divorced after learning he was fooling around with whatever was behind curtain 3.

Ursula came to Hollywood in late '73 and she immediately was hired for the title role in "Day Of The Dolphin" where she played the day. She also played the staircase in "The Exorcist" and the island of Trinidad in "Papillon."

"I keep trying," she says, "hoping that all the work I do will make up for the wanton damage I create." We can only wish her the very best, and stay far out of her way.

## Television Crossword



### across

- 1 A four letter word best describing "Me And The Chimp"
- 2 Long distance
- 3 Ceradine
- 4 Cannon star, William
- 5 A hinge Greek word meaning "To Go With" found in 31 60
- 6 The Roman word meaning "To Go With" Home Movie To Find A Needle Up Your Nose."
- 7 The exact distance from here to Los Angeles
- 8 The title song to Cannon

### down

- 9 Einstein why E=MC<sup>2</sup>
- 10 Kokaj star ...
- 11 The center of Dental Floss
- 12 The twelfth scale of the Kymyon Star
- 13 The half life of U235
- 14 The star of The Girl With Something Extra, Sally ...
- 15 Why?
- 9 If Jack left California at three o'clock and headed east, and if Frank left New York at 1:30 and headed west, how far would they have to go to cross each other in Gary, Indiana?
- 2 The Pythagorean Theorem, Explained
- 3 Dick Van ...
- 4 Star of the Ed Sullivan show
- 5 The weight of the Atlantic Ocean in Milligrams
- 6 How many turtles looked afloat?
- 7 Fly ... the car
- 8 Three causes for World War I
- 9 The Egyptian Sun God.
- 10 ... blind mice
- 11 One of the causes and effects of the dark ages on modern religion.
- 12 Medieval Center, Glastonbury
- 13 A different four letter word best describes Me And The Chimp
- 14 ...
- 15 Set of the French Version of Password.

Friday

**8:00  DIRTY SILLY**

Silly tries to bite Cyrus but only manages to gum him to death. Also, the townspeople try to disinfect Silly. Silly: Jeanette Nolan.

**1 SANFORD AND SONNT**

Fred has a new scheme to raise money: Sell Lamont into slavery. Fred: Reid Wolff, Lamont: Demond Wilson, Ringo Starr: George Harrison.

**2 BRADY BUNCHES**

It's time to clean the dishes, and the kids decide to help out Mom and Dad, so they break them all on the floor, therefore taking the chore of cleaning dishes away forever.

**8:30  MOVIE**

"The Law And Mr. Lincoln" a fine drama dealing with Abraham Lincoln's fight for survival during the War of 1812, his rise to the position of President of T&T, and the fine job he's been doing as program director for Channel 2's movie division.

Cast

Abraham Lincoln . . . Julie Andrews

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Mary Todd Lincoln . . . Mick Jagger  
Ford's  
Theater . . . Tennessee Ernie Dodge

**3 LOTS OF GRIEF**

Stan decides to open a comic book company, but his job at the lost and found won't give him the time. Jimster . . . Clem Cudence

**4 THE WEIRD COUPLE**

Oscar decides it's time to clean up his room, only he can't find his room through all the debris. Felix marries both the Pigeon Sisters: Oscar: Jack Pugman, Felix: Tony Randall. Pigeon Sisters: The Dion Quinlan triplets

**9:00  THE GIRL WITH NOTHING**

**(3) EXTRA**

Sally learns that she can no longer read minds. However, she can read can labels! John divorces her and marries Barbara Eden for a new TV show to begin next week. Sally: Sally John: John Vicker. Sick.

**ROOM 2225**

Pete teaches the facts of life to Berne, and Berne's father punches Pete in the lip. Principal Keulman decides to run the school like a real principal would: meanly

**9:30  BRIAN TEETH**

Brian gets so sick of little kids, he decides to poison the waters around Hawaii and get rid of them all. Concluded on HOWAREYOU FIVE ZERO

**10 LOVE, ARMENIAN STYLE**

Four laugh-filled stories about love. "Love and the Ant Eater" features Zsa Zsa Gabor getting her toe stuck in an ant-eater's nose. "Love And The Bowling Ball" stars Charles Nelson Reilly as a baseball player who sticks his nose in a bowling ball one Friday night. "Love and the Pogo Stick" has Jackie Gleason waking up to find a pogo stick stuck in his mouth. Lastly, "Love and the Giant Blimp" features Totie Fields being stuck in a blimp flying over Miami, Fla.

**10:00  DEAN MARTON**

Dean pretends to be drunk so he can cop a feel on the Dingle-ding girls.

Songs

"I love me" . . . Dean  
"Me love I" . . . Dean  
"Love I me" . . . Dean

## This Week's Movies By Judith Christmas

Saturday, NBC

**Francis The Talking Mule**  
Throws Up  
The Boob Rube Story  
Shafted Among The Eggrolls

Tuesday, MMMS  
Wednesday, FOOM  
Sunday, ABC  
Monday, CBS

Mr. Nixon Goes To Washington  
Gone With The Windex  
Thursday, AFLCIO  
Friday, NFL

Two oldies, one newie, and seven baddies make up this week's viewing of movies. If I were you, tell me, I'd shut down the set and hook it for a complete set of Rod McKuen poetry books for a more uplifting week.

**Francis The Talking Mule** Throw Up, the 1934 musical featuring Donald O'Connor as Francis the talking mule, Helen Twelvetrees as General Eisenhower, and Francis X. Bushman as the Axis countries. Maybe war buffs will dig this, but it's for few others.

**The Boob Rube Story** is the second oldie of the week. This one starring William Bendix as the famous baseball player Boob Rube. Vera Hubba Ralston plays Ebbs Field, while the top performance must go to the imitable Clark Gable who stole the picture as Boob's favorite bat.

**Bathroom of the Planet of the Apes**, eleven hundredth of the series, and possibly the dumbest, right after its sequel, "Return of the Bathroom of the Planet of the Apes." Roddy McDowell stars once more as Cx mellus, as he and his wife, Vera, discover that the remnants of Brooklyn, New York, are actually in better condition than Brooklyn currently is. Kids will love this.

**Mr. Nixon Goes To Washington**, is the title of the 1969 farce starring William (Cannon) Conrad as Richard Nixon, and featuring Marthe Reye as Spiro T. Agnew. A somewhat good try, with Director Peter Pepper trying different satiric concepts, but gen-

erally it is a stupid waste of time.

**Shafted Among The Eggrolls** is the last of the Bjorn Shafted movies featuring Richard Squarebush as Shafted, a hard, black super-dude detective. Shafted meets with the Chinese ping-pong players for a two hour head turning adventure flick that tries your patience. The best scene in the movie is Shafted's love scene with Fess Parker. This will probably be removed by the squeamish TV censors, though.

Sophia Loren and Jerry Van Dyke are the two leads in **Gone With The Windex**, a 90 minute made for TV movie based on the old Windex commercials with the invisible glass window. A trite, boring movie whose main features consist of Jerry Colonna and Ronald Colman as the two funny window washers who get involved with the secret spy caper being pulled off by Mr. Van Dyke and Ms. Loren. Directed by Shirley Booth, this film is slow and plodding. At worst, it is a bore. At best it is a bore, too. However, since it's on opposite reruns of My Mother The Car, it is worth a look at.

**Goldiggers of 37 BC** is the TV movie for the week, unseen at press time, the studio publicity department says it's a laugh-filled romp through decadent Rome following the assassination of Julius Caesar several years before. Songs include, "Et Tu Brute?", "Caesar Salad Au go go," and "Cassius Is a Fascist!" All together, probably a bore. ☐

# This Week's TV Catastrophies

EVENING

## 8:00 **FALL IN THE FAMILY**

Archie and Mike have another argument on gun control. Archie shoots Mike. Archie: Carroll O'Connor; Mike: Robber Reiner; Gloria: Sally Struthers.

### **EMERGENT, SEE.**

Gauge and Cheveto are burned to death as the Holland Tunnel catches fire. Next week, **THE NEW EMERGENT, SEE.** Gauge: Randolph Womantooth.

Guest Cast

Susan	Virginia Silms
Harry	Walter Cronkite
Bob	Rod Serling

## 8:30 **M-A-S-H-T**

Hawkins and Tripper pull another delightful prank on Frank. During an important operation, they pull his pants down. Hawkins: Alan Alda.

### **MOVIE - Thriller**

"I Was A Teen Age Teenager." Boni Keroff and Bela Lugosi add chills to this tale of a nymphet who runs fearfully into a convent of terror.

CAM

Sue	Sue
Fred	Fred
Simon	Simon
Angel	Angel
Bolvar	Bolvar

## too close up



Special:  
10:52

### **BURRO MY HEART AT WOUNDED KNEE**

The true story of the Burro that invaded the Alamo, based on the book by Dee Cummings. Shlerry, the Burro, had somehow wandered across the Texas plains for days without water. He also somehow made it through Santa Ana's troops, into the Alamo and helped the Americans win the war they were helplessly outnumbered in.

Davy	Keye Luke
Daniel	The Cookie Monster
Santa Ana	John Barrymore
Burro	Bob Denver

TELEVISION MISGUIDE  
BEGINNING SATURDAY,  
DECEMBER 52, 1974

## 8:00 **MARY TYLER MOOSE**

Mary stutters, Ted acts dumb, Rhoda is funny. Lou is grumpy  
Guest Cast

Barbara	Helen Hayes
Dora	Ethel Barrymore
Clive	Sir Lawrence Olivier

### **BASEBALL**

The New York Mets meet the San Francisco Giants in a double-header.

Willy Mays	Billy Mumy
------------	------------

### **GRIEF**

"Come To Me Only With All Your Knees Scabbed." A tender story of a boy and his father as they hunt through a forest doing much of nothing. Grief: Lorne Greenebacks. Mike: Ben Murphy.

Guest Cast

Walter	Tim Conway
Silvatore	Jean Stapleton
Spock	Leonard Nimoy

## 9:30 **BOB NEWHEART**

Bob and Emily have a divorce. Jerry is sued for malpractice. Bob: Emily: Suzanne Pleshette; Dr Werner Von Braun: Sally Ann Howes.

## 10:30 **CAROL BURNUP**

Carol does a pratfall. Harvey does a German accent. Vicki tries to sing. Little stands around flexing his muscles.

Thursday

## 8:00 **THE WALNUTS:**

John-Boob decides he wants to be able to get away by himself to write but is constantly frustrated by his family, whom he secretly hates. John-Boob: Wretched Thomas. Elizabeth: Kim Komli.

### **FLOP WILSON**

Flop dresses up as a girl. Flop becomes an ice-cream salesman. Flop becomes a girl-chaser. Flop becomes a flop. Flop.

Guest Cast

Sheriff Clyde	Jim Nabors
The Fugitive	David Jansen

The One Armed Chinese Man

General: Mason Reese  
Kid: Keenan Wynn

### **KUNG FOODY**

Caine goes through five flashbacks, four of which never happened to him, while the fifth he'd rather forget altogether. Caine: David Carridine. Master Fu: Burt Lahr. Master Son: Mason Reese.

Sheriff Clyde: Jim Nabors

The Fugitive: David Jansen

The One Armed Chinese Man: Keye Luke

## 9:30 **MOVIE**

"Who'd Ever Want To Eat Rabbits Anyway?" the critically acclaimed 1931 musical dealing with the recall slaughter of millions of bunny rabbits by big nasty hunters.

Cast

Bugs Bunny	Steve Canyon
Tatula	Agnes Moorehead

### **DO YOU CHANGED YOUR SOCKS, CHARLIE BROWN**

The newest most delightful of all the Peanuts specials is this brand new episode written by Charles Shultz himself. It seems that Snoopy has been bugging Charlie Brown's house and selling the information to Lucy for special favors. Snoopy: Ozzie Nelson. Charlie Brown: Roberta Flack. Lucy: The Galloping Gourmet

## 9:00 **MOVIE**

"The Last Nosebleed." The true story of a man who once had a bad nosebleed.

Cast

Hiram	Golda Meir
Nose	Jerry Van Dyke

### **STEAMIRONSIDE**

Popeye the Sailor Man stars as a down and out bum who decides to steal Ironside's wheelchair and hock it for a season's pass to the Metropolitan Opera. Ironside: Raymond Bird.

Guest Cast



## too close up

7:00

### **FRONTIER CHEF**

#### **COOKING ON THE HIGH RANGE**

Debut: A new show begins this week dealing with old fashioned western cooking starring Cook-along Cassiday. Cassiday will be preparing recipes only your grandmother ever heard of: Bat Masterson Mince Pie: Made with a cane and derby hat. Billy The Kid Cream Pie: Kills you with your boots on. Siting Bull Ice Cream: Custard's last stand. And many others.

Wednesday

**8:00 ② SUNNY AND CHEER**

Baseball player Book Rube listens as Sunny makes nose jokes about Cheer, and Cheer makes short Italian jokes about Sunny. Then they all laugh and they bring out their daughter, Charity, and exploit her charm.

Sunny . . . Elizabeth Montgomery  
Cheer . . . James Doohan  
Kirk . . . William Shatner

**8:15 ADAM 13**

A car is up a tree. A husband and wife fight. Milord has to get his laundry clean. Tense police action in the Dragstrip style. Milord: Martin Melon. Red: Kent Clark.

**7:30 ② ROCK AND ROCK YEARS**

The great songs of the fifties come back with the original artists singing them. Today's show—all the songs by people who are now dead. Featuring: Jimi Hendrix, Bobby Darin, Paul McCartney, and others.

**8:30 ② FARAWAY AND COMPANY**

Faraway is hit by a speeding car because he doesn't know what cars are. Faraway: Dan Sunde.

**③ MIRY GRIFFIN**

Queen Elizabeth, Henry Kissinger,

and Tammy Wynette discuss the new album by Ex-Beatle, Ringo Starr.

**④ MOVIE**

"Kill Dem Mudders" a sensitive drama dealing with the sorrows of the Bubonic Plague and its survivors. Special guest stars: Wilted & Ben.

**Cast**

Ralph Waide Emerson, Frank Zappa, Queen Victoria . . . Nanette Fabray

**8:00 ② CANNONBALL**

Brandoff Cruz is featured in this crime drama dealing with the kidnapping of a youth and holding him for ransom. Cruz (last seen as Eddie in "Courtship of Eddie's Mother") plays the kidnapper, with Kate Smith as his helpless, terrified victim.

Bill Bixby . . . Arte Johnson  
The Sheik of Araby . . . Andie Gillette  
**③ NEWS**

Ted Knight gives the news on this early news show. Today's highlights: An interview with Daffy Duck. A report on Beigel Pollution, and an editorial dealing with the high cost of midgets.

Sunday

**7:30 ② MERRY PASON**

A well-known mass murderer is defended by Perry, found innocent, and then kills Perry, Della, and Berger and Barff, Mason, Monte Markhog, Della, Sharon Achoo, Murderer: Pinky Lee.

**Guest Cast**

Pres. Truman . . . Mary Ann Mobley  
Ernest Hemingway . . . Tommy Sands

**④ WORLD OF DOOZY**

"My Friend, The Black Widow Spider," part two of a one-partter featuring the friendly antics of a neighborhood poisonous black widow spider. Tonight: The Black Widow kills her husband. Her trial begins.

**Guest Cast**

Black Widow . . . Barbara Eden  
Husband . . . Michael Ansara

**④ FBI**

Eastwhile and Word are fired when they discover wiretap bugs leading to the President's office. Eastwhile: Ephrem Cimball Jr., Word: Phillip Abbott & Costello.

**Guest Cast**

President Nixon . . . Mary Ann Mobley  
Tricia . . . Donald Pleasence  
Pat . . . Gary Indiana

**8:00 ② SPACE NURSE**

Astrid Jupiter and her intern, Lefty, rocket off to Mars for an emergency vasectomy. Astrid: Judy Garland.  
Lefty: Robert Vaughn.



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## MY HUSBAND, THE CHAIR



**Starting this  
week  
Wednesdays at  
7:30 on  
WKLOD-TV 18**

**Monday**

**8:00 *GUNSMOG***

Matt makes he is old and not nearly as fast as he used to be, so, using his clean reputation, he tells Banker Mildew to give him all the bank's money for safekeeping, then runs off to Mexico with it.

Guest Cast

Mildew ..... Peter Graves  
Wyatt ..... Gary Cooper

Sigmund ..... The Sea Monster ..... Woody Allen

**8:30 *ROOKOFFS***

The Police kids find there's more to being a policeman than holding a gun. Willie drops his gun and is drummed off the force. Willie: Michael O'Neal; Terry: Georg Stanford.

Guest Cast

Harlan Ellison ..... Mario Thomas  
Bob Silverberg ..... Dwayne Hickman  
Isaac Asimov ..... Peter Parker

**9:00 *MASTERPIECE THEATRE***

A shock ending awaits viewers of "MINCemeAT PIE", because the ending was never filmed.

Rudolph ..... Sir Cedric Hardwicke  
Valentino ..... Emily ..... Suzanne Pleshette  
Bob ..... Bob Newhart

**9:00 *IT'S HERE'S LOOSY***

Lucy goes through a change in life and from this point on the show becomes funny.

Harry: Gale Gordon; Lucy: Lucille Ball; Bebe: Kim; Lucie: Arlene;

**9:30 *MOVIE***  
Walter Brennan and Dame Judith

Anderson play two newlyweds in their teens. "Planet of the Apes" makeup man, Grunt Banana, did the astounding makeup for this role, originally to be played by Annette Funicello and Tommy Sands.

Guest Cast

Gregory ..... Whit Bissell  
Whit Bissell ..... Gregory

**9:30 *DICK VAN DICK—Comedy?***

Dick pushes for a laugh as he tries making this show as funny as his last show and doesn't even come close. Dick: (Dick Van Dick); Laura: Mary Tyler Moore; Jenny: Hope Lange.

**9:30 *MY MOTHER THE CAR—Crime Drama***

Mom decides to take over the household by putting on her exhaust and killing everyone with Carbon Monoxide. Jerry: Jerry Van Dyck; Captain Sammed: Brother Voodoo.

Guest Cast: none

**10:00 *BOOK BEAT***

Kerr Dulles reads "War and Peace" (376 hours).

**10:00 *MEDICAL SISTER***

The late Gracie Allen plays a corpse that Dr. Gannon (Chet Chod) tries to bring back to life.

Dr. Moose ..... Shirley Booth  
Fred ..... Beaver Cleaver  
John ..... Captain Kangaroo

**10:30 *FLYING NONSENSE***

Sister Bertram invades the Vatican, but is shot down over France when she is mistaken for an enemy missile.

## THE HAPPY ACCOUNTANTS



The business world reacts wistfully when the two are first shown (as tall, but now we dare repeat it—)

- 1) the myth behind the myth of accountancy
- 2) how men really do become accountants
- 3) what they do to stay with that title
- 4) why accountants are 11 times better
- 5) also, what about their ledgers? Yeah, what about them?

Be sure to see the show that they kind would never come back. The truth, the expose, the actual black and white facts about Accountancy—the myth and the dangers

**Tuesday**

**8:00 *IT'S MAD***

Mad and Walnut scream at each other, throw dishes, wreck their household, then kiss and make up. Only problem is, Walnut wants to re-marry—this time, to Mad's voluptuous daughter, Carol. Adrienne Booboo: Mad; Beatup Arthur:

**8:30 *CHASED***

What If I Can't Afford A Call To My Attorney?" is the question raised when 3 year old Brandon Cruz is arrested for Homicide and Reckless Driving Without A License. Chased: Mitchell Rundawn.

Guest Cast

Ozzie Nelson ..... Ronald McDonald  
Julie ..... Peggy Lipton  
Goober ..... Maxine  
Roxanne Jackson ..... Harriet Beecher Stowe

**8:30 *THE SOMETHIN' NEW***

**TEMPERATURES GOING UP**  
Sister Bertram can't fly and goes to see Dr. Murder (Paul Lynde), who tells her that she has a \$100 a day habit. Nolan: Cleveland Little

Guest Cast

Christian Bernard ..... Orson Bean  
Dr. Mickey Mouse: Connie Stevens

**8:30 *THE TALL, FAT, THIN***

**SKINNY SHOW**  
(Debut) A new game show starring Melvyn Douglas. The concept: Four misshapen freaks appear on stage to be ridiculed for big prizes—and a possible trip to Bayonne. Guest celebrities: Sammy Davis Jr., Ozzie Nelson, Barbara Feldon, Lyle Waggoner.

**8:30 *HOWAREYOU FIVE-ZERO***

Horace Greely once said it. So did a few others. "Go West, Young Man" and he did. But so did the albatross. As did the pelicans. So, why not? Huh? McNamee: Jack Lord/God. Danny: James McArthur.

Guest Cast

Kim Su ..... Drea Yek  
Lu Na ..... Ke Won  
Sim ..... Toru No Fuji  
Kerry ..... Lloyd Bridges

**9:00 *MOVIE***  
"THE SO-SO ESCAPE": A made for TV suspense movie about the uninteresting life of Lloyd Ludlow, who was sentenced to 5 days in

## STAR TREK AGES



Yes, the old reliable show has been repeated and repeated till everyone is so old it's no longer funny.

So now, before Spock dies from old age, we're giving the show its last rites.

**Be there...  
tonight, 7:00 on  
Ch. 82**

jail for a parking fine in Gary, Indiana, and the attempted escape which cost him his supper.

Cast

Hazel ..... Shirley Booth  
Billo ..... Phil Silvers  
Aunt Bee ..... Frances Bavier  
Lloyd Ludlow ..... Peter Marshall

**9:00 *THE MAGICIAN***

Tony's life becomes entangled with that of an Aluminum Siding Salesman, and he begins doing tricks with Reynolds Wrap. Tony: Bix Billo.

Guest Cast

Sibyl Leek ..... Dunninger  
Houdini ..... Kraskin  
Mr. Miracle ..... J. Steranko

**10:00 *POLICE LIFE***

Sally Fields plays an egomaniacal soon-to-be-retired Sergeant for the Tallahassee, Fla. police department. A dull but true story.

Seymore

Gloster ..... Patty McCormack  
The Fugitive ..... David Janssen

**Only on Channel 64, 10:30 tonight.**

Hey, gong, didja see this really wild TV show a few weeks back? The one that told all about how Alien Visitors From Outer Space came to the earth in prehistoric times, and how they built everything from the Egypt Pyramids to the statues on Easter Island? And didja know that now there are zillions of books out on the same subject, with titles like Gods, Demons, and Space Charlots—Gods and Devils from Outer Space—and the ever-popular God Drives o Flying Saucer?

Well, frankly, we at CRAZY Magazine go one step further. We have our own theory about what happened 'way back when. And here's where we lay it on you, in a feature we call—

# HOT-RODS OF THE GODS?

UNSOLVED MYSTERIES OF THE PAST SOLVED, MAYBE

BY ERICH VON DUMMIKIN

Featured on TV as  
**"IN SEARCH OF ANCIENT AUTO-NUTS"**

The startling article that asks the musical questions:

WAS EARTH THE SITE OF AN INTERPLANETARY DRAG-RACE OVER 40,000 YEARS AGO?

IS THERE EVIDENCE OF ALIEN DRAG-STRIPS IN THE ANDES, IN THE HIMALAYAS, AND  
MAYBE EVEN IN TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA?

ARE EXTRATERRESTRIAL PEEL-OUT ARTISTS RESPONSIBLE FOR ALL THAT RUBBER DOWN  
THERE IN BRAZIL?

Matter of fact, this is also the startling article that gives the musical answer:

HECK, NO, YOU DODO! BUT ASKING BONEHEAD QUESTIONS LIKE THAT IS SURE A LOT  
MORE PROFITABLE THAN SITTING AROUND LISTENING TO CHUCK BERRY SINGING ABOUT  
HIS DING-A-LING-A-LING!

So turn the page, already! You think we're gonna send  
Ming the Merciless around to do that for you, too?

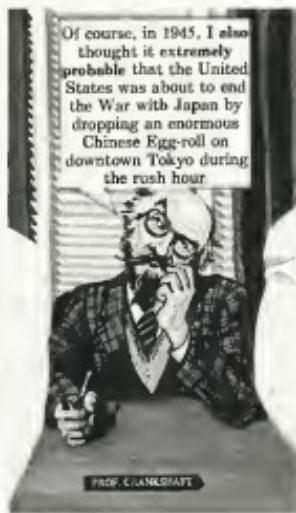
Yes, that's right. I, Erich von Dummikin, honorary third assistant postie-up man at CRAZY Magazine, believe that the Earth was used as a Drag-Strip by Aliens from Outer Space in ancient times!

Is this a real possibility? I asked Professor Snurdley P. Crankshaft of the University of Lower She-baygan. Here is his unbiased answer:

Why, yes, I think it extremely probable that our planet was once used as a drag-strip by aliens from outer space, and that this may account for many of the unsolved mysteries of the past, such as the Pyramids and the statues on Easter Island.



Of course, in 1945, I also thought it extremely probable that the United States was about to end the War with Japan by dropping an enormous Chinese Egg-roll on downtown Tokyo during the rush hour.



And then in 1957, I thought it extremely probable that the sun revolved around the earth on alternate Thursdays, and that Halley's Comet was actually just a berserk hummingbird with its tail-feathers on fire.



Er, thank you, Prof. Crankshaft, we get the general idea. At any rate, with that distinguished scientific brain to back me up, I began a careful search of monuments and landmarks the world over, to see if I could turn up evidence to support my world-shattering theory. Below, in an obviously unretouched, un-ALTERED photograph, is my first breakthrough find:



There you have it, friends and neighbors! Irrefutable proof that our very own Grand Canyon was actually formed by a head-on collision between two flying saucers during the time trials of the First Intergalactic Demolition Derby!

If the Grand Canyon was created this way, then what about Mount Vesuvius, the Marina Trench, and that funny-looking mound in my old backyard in Schleswig-Holstein?

Will fresh investigations of these sites turn up new evidence to refute the centuries-old findings of scholars and archeologists?

Were these sites, too, visited by freaked-out, speed-crazy teenagers from outer space in ancient times?

Will I ever stop asking these stupid questions and get on with the pictures?

You betchum, Little Believer—!

At the beginning of the 18th century, this map was found in the famed Topkapi Palace in Istanbul. It formerly belonged to Piri Reis, an Admiral in the Turkish Navy. This map, when placed over an aerial-projection map of the globe, shows a degree of accuracy impossible to achieve without expert aerial photography!



The Egyptian Pyramids are one of the oldest mysteries facing mankind, womankind, and little-kid-kind. The Pyramids raise many perplexing questions, namely:

How were building-blocks weighing 6,500,000 tons hauled hundreds of miles across the desert by the ancient Egyptians, a race whose average size fell somewhere between Mickey Rooney and Dopey the Dwarf?

How were 2,600,000 gigantic blocks fitted together to the nearest 1/1000th of an inch by a people who believed that the Sun was hatched from a giant frog's egg on top of a mountain near Hermopolis?

Who put the bomp in the bamp-be-bamp-be-bamp, who put the rang in the rang-a-rang-a-ding-dang?



Is it a mere coincidence that the height of the Great Pyramid of Cheops, multiplied by one billion, gives a figure only 5,000,000 miles away from the average distance to the Sun?

Is it a mere coincidence that the area of the base of the Pyramid divided by twice its height gives the figure of pi (3.14159)?

Is it a mere coincidence that, if you take the height of the Pyramid (490 feet) and multiply it times the date of the first Buck Rogers daily comic-strip (1929), you get the sum of 945,210, which is roughly the population of Rhode Island in 1960?

As a matter of fact, that last one probably is a mere coincidence, but what the hey! You can't win em all!

Two weeks ago last Friday, this map was found in the back seat of a 1957 Edsel in a Pre-Owned Car Lot in Canarsie. It formerly belonged to Pee-Wee Reese, former shortstop for the former Brooklyn Dodgers in the former Flatbush. Not that it has anything whatever to do with this article, but if you see PeeWee, tell him we'll trade it back for one of his old baseball gloves.



And now, a CRAZY exclusive: I, Erich van Dummikin, have personally interviewed Dr. Verner von Freeb, chief scientist at Cape Canaveral and one of the world's foremost missile authorities since World War Two at which time he was in the personal employ of an obscure Austrian housepainter.

Here is Dr. van Freeb's own personal message to you:

Ja, I tink dere iss definite evidence dat dere vss hot-rod races on Earth a long time ago. Who do you tink put all dose rocks together mit eachudder at Stonehenge?

In fact, dat iss precisely vat I tried to tell Der Fuehrer at Berchtesgaden in 1937! But he would not listen to me, der dummkopf! And so, eight years later, we lost der Var!

But you—YOU will believe me, won't you? I know you will, you nice person you—

—For, I understand you still hab relatives back in der Old Country . . . !



Some lesser minds may theorize that the famous Great Stone Faces on Easter Island in the Pacific are actually models of Aliens who visited our world in prehistoric times. Perhaps so.

But I, Erich van Dummikin, have personally discovered the nearby Christmas Island, which is identical in every way to Easter Island except for the Great Stone Face seen prominently for the first time in this authentic, un-retouched photograph. This monument stands as the Ancient Auto-Nuts' own tribute to the greatest interstellar dragster of all—who is also perhaps the source of the strange lights seen in the sky each Christmas Eve above Air Force bases all over the Free World and the sleazier parts of Pittsburgh.



Some skeptics and Doubting Thomases have suggested that my authentic, un-retouched pictures may be less than 100% authentic, and that I may have applied pen and airbrush in certain key photos. But you trust old Erich, don't you, boobie? Remember those relatives in the Old Country, now!

On the Plain of Nozco in Peru are strange markings which, viewed from the air, appear strikingly similar to a modern-day airport, an ultra-sophisticated missile base, or even a tic-tac-toe game I once played in Bremerhaven with Hildegord Neff.

Recently, however, I discovered the markings shown below, which are visible only from an auto-gyro flying backward over a sandlot snooker field just outside Hobart, Tasmania.

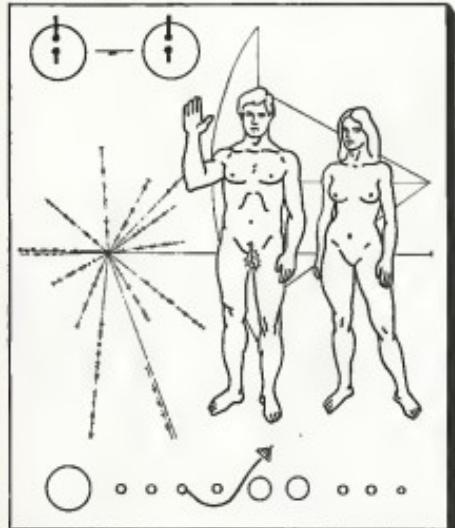


These markings are obviously nothing less than skid-marks caused by an alien stock-car doing a spin-out at speeds in excess of 38 m.p.h., as any fool can plainly see.

The slight, occidental similarity of these skid-marks to certain words of the English language should in no way be construed as contradicting the Von Dummikin Theory.

You don't want to see a former Volkswagen dealer cry, do you?

Below is an approximation of the "Greeting Card to Outer Space" sent aloft in the Pioneer F rocket in the 1970's. It utilizes a cosmic code which any alien life-form should be able to decipher, given a few centuries and the sense God gave a goose.



Below is my own personal inter-world Greeting Card, which will be launched next week in a renovated Goodyear Blimp from a parking-lot in a suburb of Dusseldorf. When deciphered, it announces an All-Planets Soapbox Derby to be held on Groundhog's Day, 1974, in Boise, Idaho.



If no one with more than two eyes and/or three elbows shows up by 12 noon of that date, the Derby will be cancelled, and all donated Prize Money will revert to the Erich von Dummikin Fund for Research and Generol Whoopee-Making. Too bad about you, bug-eyed monsters!

One final comparison: This prehistoric drawing (below, left) was found by me, of all people, in my very own Victory Garden in Stuttgart! (My epoch-making discovery has been authenticated by my lovely wife Brunhilda, a former Sunday School teacher at Dachau.)

Could primitive imagination have produced anything so remarkably similar to a modern-day hot-rodder in a souped-up 'Vette? The strange lever near the figure's foot can only indicate that he is stepping on the gas-pedal—or maybe squoshing a kumquat.



There you have it! Proof Positive of the Von Dummikin Theory that our planet was used as a Drag Strip by Aliens from Outer Space before the dawn of history!

And now, just to show you I'm a good sport and don't mind presenting on opposing point of view, no matter how dumb-headed, we will close with an Afterword by Dr. Heinrich Klingenhoffer, now guest lecturer at the University of Greater Ft. Lauderdale, who tries in vain to refute my theory and who never liked me anyway because my dueling-scor is longer than his:

It pains me greatly to dispute the word of my learned countryman, Erich von Dummikin, whose last known scientific accomplishment was the successful transplanting of a wart from his right hand to his left and back again, in 1962.



The fact that the Von Dummikin Theory could only have been conceived by the same man who in 1948 charged that the Berlin Airlift was in reality a swarm of migrating tssetse-flies, has in no way colored my opinions.



But, truth to tell, there is simply no evidence of extraterrestrial visitors to earth, either in ancient times or any other. In fact, the whole theory of alien life-forms is ridiculous and unworthy of further serious consideration by the academic community.



By the way, please tell my cousin Bernie that he can have all my old shirts, including the one that glows in the dark during a Lunar Eclipse.

Class dismissed.



Below: American astronauts of today in an identical situation, except for electronic headgear, leather-crafted safety belts, color-coordinated space suits, self-activated oxygen masks, and other incidental, insignificant details.



FAR-OUT DEPT:

# ROCK 'N' ROLLIN' SPONGE

T5 Resincoats UK 20 p

Issue No. 2018, February 30, 1974

## Cleveland and Culture: Worlds in Collision

### Groupies Rap About Their Favorite Feet

### Did We Survive the 60's?



## Death Has Risen from the Grave

# RANDOM NOSE

The hottest new act in Britain this year is a group called "Paulie Goddess." Modelled after America's own Alice Cooper, Paulie plays a style of music they call "degenerate symphonic semi-classical." Their latest single, "Hungry Means Never Having To Vomit," a hard rocker whose flip side, "Listerine On My Mind" was composed by Norwegian drummer Hans Offimuddler, is currently at the top of the charts in London. Asked if they plan to tour the U.S., the group's leader, singer Lemule Trembleton stated, "No."

25/25 News: Freda Pain's new single, "Hand Of Thorns,"

on Stigmata Records is reported knockin' 'em dead and hangin' 'em up in Cleveland and Jerusalem, but it never got a rise out of Rome... Spurred on by the success of his firm's new ad campaign ("Over 15 Billion Hungry"), the president of Mac-Ronald's Hamburgers is issuing a new spoken-word LP, "Jokes I've Chucked At..." Radio Tidbit: all FM transmission in New York City has been interrupted indefinitely, pending removal of a giant guerrilla from the Empire State Building tower. The burly revolutionary stationed himself there on Sept. 20th when he learned that the 'sixties were over... Five congressmen have undertaken

an investigation of rock lyrics to determine whether some of them may be funny. Aim of the study: to eliminate from the airwaves any jokes Richard Nixon would not understand... Which reminds us: Nixon named Henry Youngman "American Humorist of the Year" for 1974. In the proxy's own imperishable words, "More Americans should wallow in mother-in-law jokes and get the nation moving again."

Adelle Farmerdaughter, the country-western songstress who recently switched over to the morbidity-rock genre as lead vocalist for the group call-

ed Death (cf. related article on next page), gave her reasons for that unusual switch in image at a press conference in Nashville last week.

Bob Drylin, Eric Clap, John Lemon, and the dead body of Jimi Olsen, have formed the "all-time greatest supergroup of all time," according to Clap. The group's name will be Blind Air Force. Their act will consist of a repertoire of John Phillip Sousa marches played in laid-back country style while a young dwarf born on Zanzibar passes through the audience tossing spaghetti and frightening any spectators who have acne.

## SPACED UP!



NAUSEA

Let Runyan O'Leary and his group take you to the ends of the galaxy—where no man has gone before, but dogs have.

Ten power-packed new tunes from the composer who gave you "Spinach Lust" and "I Can't Help Kissing Your Athlete's Foot," all in this new collection, *Spaced Up!*

Includes the group's new smash single, "Talkin' Rebuttal Blues."

**On NAUSEA Records and Tapes.**

*Where it belongs.*

## "Mommy, Where Did President Nixon Come From?"



by Rev. Pierre L. Poojji

Be ready when your young son or daughter asks that big question. Be ready with the facts.

Be ready with this new photo-crammed paperback that may even show where you come from—or where you're going.

\$5.95 at your bookstore.

Count your change.

Detained Books: A Leisure Service of the United States Government.

# MUZAK



## Death Comes Alive in St. Louis

By Hunting Thomas

For the first time since the 1904 World's Fair, St. Louis, Missouri, is excited about something. Or, more properly, someone.

He is Umberto Togarawa, a Peruvian-born musician who is lead male vocal with the city's first successful rock group, Death.

And since Umberto recently recruited Adelle Farmerdaughter, a former country-western singer with only one minor hit ("Alone With Just A Fence Pole To Keep Me Warm"), as his co-star with the group, St. Louis has gone Death-mad.

"De Grateful Dead," Umberto says, "dey are de passies! Only we actually kill someting at eb'ry show! We are unek in moos!"

Adelle agrees. In soprano

mulch sotto voice, she whispers, "Umberto has a vision of world death that he tries to communicate to the audience. He tried at first to do this by simulating death, but it didn't work. So now we kill one member of our group at every live performance we do."

Death's act is, to say the least, bizarre. It begins with an empty stage. Suddenly, from the rafters, a twelve-foot-tall sword drops onto the floorboards. Then, the band walks solemnly to their instruments. There is a moment of hushed silence. Then, Umberto cries out, "Gib on me de blood!" Each band member then produces a one-pint bottle of what appears to be real hemoglobin and douses Umberto with its contents. He then begins the first number, "Railroad Spike Through My Throat (Can't Hit the Right Note)."

At the conclusion of the per-

formance which generally consists of material from the group's two albums, *Stab, Choke, and Die* and *Cremation*, plus a few standards such as "The Lust Kiss," "Tell Laura I Love Her," "Honey," and "Maxwell's Silver Hammer" . . . someone dies.

Someone actually dies??

At the performance I viewed, a cymbal went frisbee-ing through the air and decapitated the bass player. The crowd first screamed in horror, then cheered and applauded wildly as the headless corpse was lifted for display by Umberto, and the head held high by Adelle, who awarded the dead musician a posthumous kiss.

Backstage, I asked Umberto if they ever had difficulty recruiting new musicians for the group, since, obviously, he and Adelle were Death's only permanent members.

"Yes," he said. "Many people do not realize how much dry wanna die until I tell dem."

Deep down, I harbored suspicions that it was all stage trickery, that no one really was killed. So I checked with both the Coroner's Office and the Police Department.

Umberto actually was killing musicians at an alarming rate, according to the statistics of both offices. But, as one detective, who refused to be identified, informed me, "It always looks like an accident. They handle these things with C.I.A. precision. It's frightening."

As of this week, Death's new single, "I Will Be, I Am, I Was," hit Number Ten on the national charts. We may shortly be faced with a new phenomenon to equal the beef shortage in gravity and far surpass it in weirdness. If Death becomes a fad . . .

# SINGLES

**I Don't Love You  
Since You Ate My Dog**  
Flea & Tick  
Dog-Eat-Dog Records  
11215

It's not a pleasant record to listen to. At least, not at first. But soon, the depth of understanding that Flea & Tick (alias Nugg Fletcher and Pakaka Rodriguez) have achieved in this three-minute-and-forty-three-second tour de force overcomes the initial feeling of revulsion.

*I Don't Love You Since You Ate My Dog* is a stinging com-

mentary on the state of the economy. And part of its sting comes from the economical production this record received. It was recorded in a subcellar, with a furnace rumbling away in the back, on a single mike, with a cassette recorder whose batteries might be best described as connotose. The result is a humorous look at a Nation gone mad.

We hear, halfway through the record, Fletcher's guitar pick break. He cannot afford a new one. He continues with the song:

The lyrics have nothing to do with dogs or eating. Where the title is derived from is a mystery. Rodriguez will only say, "It seemed appropriate."

I cannot quote the entire song here, but perhaps a close scrutiny of its most searing passage will suffice as food for thought:

**I DON'T LOVE  
YOU SINCE YOU  
ATE MY DOG.  
A NEW  
"FLEA & TICK"  
SINGLE—  
RELEASED BY  
DOG EAT DOG  
RECORDS.**

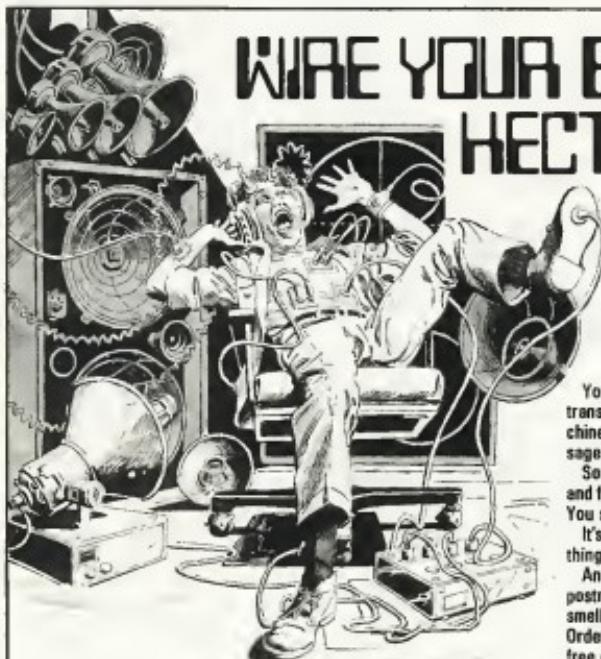
There is a bridge across the junkheap.  
I built it with my brother.  
Three guys came and spit on it.

And I spit on my brother.  
We built another bridge that day.  
Across a farm.

— Elmore Welluferb



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And it's brought to you by your friendly postman in plain brown wrapping that even smells like true sound. Supply is limited. Order yours now. First 100 orders receive a free copy of the first and only hectophonic record issued to date: Spiro Agnew Sings Motown's Greatest Hits, Volume II.

**Plumber Audio Systems**

The Ultimate Cosmic Audio Experience

—for only \$2.98.

# RECORDS



**Hard to Eat**  
Crow  
Respite 69791

Crow is a group out of Cleveland whose press releases describe them as the vanguard of the new "Dullness Revolution" in music. Their plodding, lethargic melodies, we are told, are "a direct result of their roots. All five members of Crow—Jimmy Dry, lead guitarist; Anton Jejune, rhythm guitarist; T.D. Uss, drummer; John Paul Vacant, bassist; and Harold Sipid, cellist—were born and raised in suburban Cleveland, and all five are the product of quiet, middle-class, WASPish families." Crow's so-called "new sound" reflects this heritage.

A quick listing of the ten songs on this, their first LP, will give you a notion of how such "roots" can be translated into music.

Side One begins with the title cut, "Hard to Eat," which refers to dry cat food. The rest of the side encompasses such wonderment as "Crabgrass Menace," "Too Much Chlorine In the Pool (It Stings My Eye!)," "Patio Dreamin'," and "My Life is a Circular Driveway."

The second side, equally banal, opens with "Birthday Party Magician," about the trials and tribulations of a sudden old drunk who entertains at kids' parties and whose egg

won't disappear. "Buick Joy," "Linda On My Lawn," "Central Air," "Fry Me A Minute Steak," and the closing song, an anthem of sorts entitled "Free, White, and Nouveau-Riche," complete the picture.

It is not, as some may assume, a put-on or a put-down, but rather paean to the lifestyle of suburban Cleveland. And the only deep intellectual or musical question the album poses is: what's wrong with America?

—Zach Spratt



**Voodoo Kisser**  
**Plague**  
Lon Manhattan Records  
69684

Subtlety is not one of the virtues of Plague as a group and even less of Voodoo Kisser, their latest excursion into the mythos of perversity.

The album's first side opens with the supposedly authentic sound of the head of a live chicken being ripped from its body. Plague's drummer, Lars Pengen, then strikes the cymbals three times. This is an interesting bit of symbolism referring to the mystic significance of the number "3" in voodoo—i.e., that a chicken has just had its head torn off.

A shrill, piercing scream, which the liner notes describe as exactly halfway between the

pitch of Johnny Weissmuller's famed Tarzan yell and the Women's Liberation rhetoric of Shanna the She-Devil, follows next. And then we're off and running, full-tilt, into the first cut called "Severed Chicken Heads."

Its lyrics, composed by lead singer Suffia Mesh and bassist Johanna Kelso, are truly eerie, apocalyptic calypso, viscerally inspired and performed. An excerpt:

When I see a bloody beast,  
I think of cosmic rain  
And the entrails of Gwad  
writhing

In his mighty pain.

(© 1973, SoG Music. Reprinted by permission.)

The album's six other cuts, "Mambo In My Closet," "Silver Dolls and Golden Needles," "Snake Worship," "Zombie Love," "Fire-Walk," and an eleven-minute number called "Ghost of the Chicken" are equally compelling, though uneven musically and occasionally victim to certain excesses such as the overlong kettle-drum—electric bass jam in "Ghost . . .".

It is not an album for the squeamish, nor for those who have an especial fondness for chickens. But it's a statement of unrelenting truth, delivered with few of the conventional amenities. Perhaps the most succinct summing up of its theme can be found in the third verse of "Zombie Love":

Yellow flesh pressed against  
mine  
The cold warms me  
Visions of your mother,  
drowning in the brine  
Do alarm me  
Eighteen headless borsos  
chomping at the bits  
Of decaying toes on the sidewalk

(© 1973, SoG Music. Reprinted by permission.)

—Terry Good Marshall



**Antares Probe**  
**Alice Bowie**  
Ersatz Records 769894

Antares Probe is more spaced-out rock from the man who gave us *Shoot the Laser Module* and *Billion-Dollar Slime*, the acknowledged masterworks of pseudo-science-fiction-rock of 1972. As with those earlier efforts, the emphasis in *Antares* is on jazzy production, not musical virtuosity.

Special effects abound: the sound of an ICBM unzipping a lady's dress; simulated meteor collisions over Los Angeles; and, in the record's most absurd and offensive cut, "Hypothesis: Moon Acne," the sound of a crater being popped like a zit, with volcanic pus oozing out over the dusty lunar surface.

In short, it's the usual routine Alice Bowie nonsense, complete with a fragment of "moon rock" (actually Mohave Desert rock) as part of the package. The liner notes advise the listener to throw the "moon rock" at this grandmother, presumably with intent to kill. It's all part of overthrowing the Old Order, yknow.

Galactic in its scope, *Antares Probe* is a universal zero.

—Vito Sangris



# HISTORY of MOOSEKIND

Writer & Artist: BOB FOSTER

## Part V—We back-track a little to see how Moosekind became oriented in the Far East.

A new slant on the history of Moosekind as seen through the eyes of Dr. Melville Moose, noted Sinologist, Orientologist, Anesthesiologist and one-time sparring partner in the Boxer Rebellion.

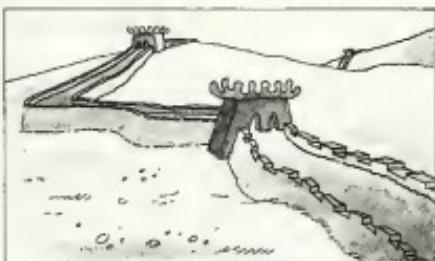
Since his operation to correct cauliflower antlers, Dr. Moose has gained recognition as one of the world's leading authorities on Yellow Journalism.

Since his return from the Orient, Dr. Moose has become a connoisseur of Ginseng tea. "It makes your horns grow big and strong."

"My interest in the Orient was sparked by an attack of the Asian flu," he went on. "I was heading an expedition up the Ganges to the mountainous regions of southeast China in search of the Abominable Snow-moose when I contracted the affliction. I underwent acupuncture and was cured in no time. It was during my period of recuperation that I began delving into the history of Moosekind in the Orient. I was fascinated to learn that the oriental branch of the Moose family tree was a Bonsai bush."



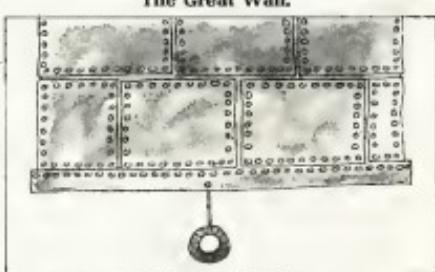
Orientologist Moose.



The Great Wall.



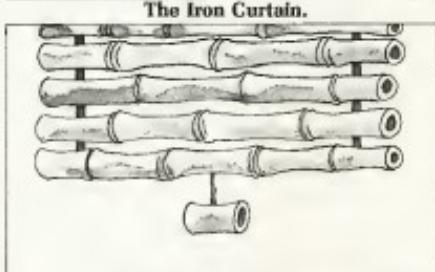
Dr. Moose undergoing acupuncture.



The Iron Curtain.



Dr. Moose recuperating from acupuncture.



The Bamboo Curtain.



The Oriental branch of the Moose family tree.



The Knotty-pine Room Divider.

The first semblance of government in China was during the JONGG DYNASTY under the leadership of a woman—MA JONGG.

The TANGG DYNASTY witnessed the discovery of gunpowder, fireworks, and an instant breakfast drink. Also at this time women adopted the custom of SNOT BINDING, a procedure designed to give them a cute nose.

In 1274 AD, the Italian adventurer MOOSO POLO met Emperor KUBLAI MOOS (half-brother of FRANN and OLLI and grandson of GENGHIS MOOS) and established trade routes between Europe and China.

The MUNG DYNASTY, ruled by MUNG THE MOOSELESS, was followed by the MANCHOO DYNASTY of which it has been said "Many man smoke but Fu Manchoo." HYUK!

After 1850, Chinese COOLIES began migrating to America. It was this Coolie labor that helped build the GRAND COOLIE DAM.

In 1931, despite opposition from CHIANG KAI-MOOS, a Communist government was established in China by MAO TSE-MOOS.

Recent interest in the Chinese martial art of KUNG FOO has led to the production of a rash of popular films dealing with the subject. Riding the crest of the wave of popularity was the late BRUCE MOOS, star of "HOOF'S OF FURY" and "ANTLER THE DRAGON." (See action clips from the film on the next page.)

Recently, the MOOSES REPUBLIC OF CHINA acquired a seat in the UNITED HERDS, filling the vacancy left by the delegate from the island of FORMOOSA.



Snout Binding.



Kublai, Frann and Olli.



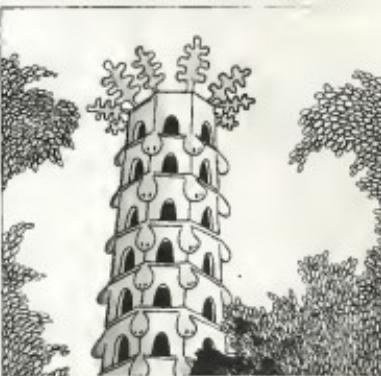
Mao Tse-Moos.



The late Bruce Moos.



Moodha, founder of the chief religion of China—Moodhism.



The exotic Pagoda Hilton hotel in Peking. The hotel is noted for its resident Peking Toms.



During the Opium Wars the kite was invented to signal for the help of an early law-enforcement individual known as the Antlered Avenger.

Action clips from film footage depicting (left to right) a Sumoos wrestling match, a Joodo demonstration, and some Kung Foo (from the film "Hoofs of Fury" starring the late Bruce Moos).

JOOODO, the Japanese art of self-defense has been one of the most popular forms of self-defense for years. Just as popular, but not as widely practiced, is SUMOOS WRESTLING, a sport in which competitors of overwhelming nasal proportions are pitted against each other in an attempt to push over his opponents snout.

The films of Japan have enjoyed widespread popularity for many years. Most noteworthy of the Japanese filmmakers is AKIRA KUROMOOSA, director of such international screen classics as "RASHOMOO," "SECOND SAMURAI," "TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOOSE," and "THRONE OF CUD," all starring the dynamic TOSHIRO MOOSUNI.

Photographic equipment has long been a proud product of the Japanese people, as exemplified by the world-famous NIK-KORMOO camera.

Japanese industry has become synonymous with miniaturization and/or transistorization. Popular luxury cars like the 1974 ROTARY ANTLER MOOZDA have been transistorized and will fit in your shirt pocket when not in use.

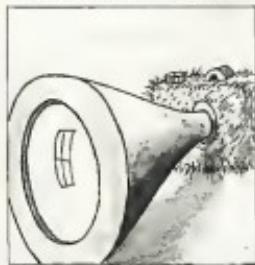
Soon to appear on the market will be a miniature transistorized movie camera that uses 4mm film with picture frames between the sprocket holes.

The art of Japan has a heritage rich in design and elegance. Perhaps the most famous of all Japanese prints is THE BIG KAHUNA by HOKUMOOS. More familiar are prints of beautiful women such as COURTESAN SHARING A TOKE by KEISAI EISOOM. (See reproductions on the next page.)





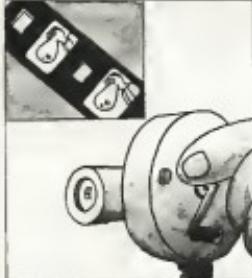
Teshiro Meesuni in a scene from "Throne of Gud."



The famous Nikkormoos camera.



The 1974 Moozda.



The new 4mm camera.



"The Big Kahuna" by Hokumooes.



"Courtesan Sharing a Toke" by Elseoom.

ABOVE: An example of the intricate art of ORIGAMOOOS, the oriental art of tablecloth folding. This art form was invented by waiters in an effort to expedite the clearance of restaurant tables.

RIGHT: Dr. Melville Moose winds up his fact-finding mission in the Far East with a visit to a famous China seaport. He was last seen discovering the meaning of the word "shanghai."





This article was originally intended for an earlier issue of CRAZY, but, quite frankly, we rejected it for the last five issues because no one cared about how you get around New York. After all, you're only gonna be mugged when you leave your apartment, providing you haven't been mugged inside your apartment. So what was the need to have a stupid, dumb article like this? Anyway, since this is our special reject issue, here goes with one more piece of trash.

# GETTING AROUND THE BIG CITY

## A Mis-guide To Tourists In The Big Apple

**PROBLEM:** You're trying to enter a subway car and some inconsiderate clod inside is blocking the way.



**PROBLEM:** Let's say you've taken the wife and kids to Shea Stadium and there are those rotten kids again—hanging out over the various levels, spitting on everyone.



**SOLUTION:** By employing a "flying wedge" of the type used in football, would-be passengers are able to move clod to one side.



**SOLUTION:** Any automatic or semi-automatic weapon will do very nicely in laying down a "covering fire," allowing you and your family to enter stadium safe and dry.



**PROBLEM:** New York dog poo is legend. Don't be stuffy and humorless about it as these people are.



**SOLUTION:** Play New York's new fun game! Poo-bolli! It's a game not unlike hockey.



Contrary to popular belief, New Yorkers are very polite. Let's say you're annoyed by same one's cigarette while watching a movie.



Just sing that popular anti-smoking jingle that's going around.



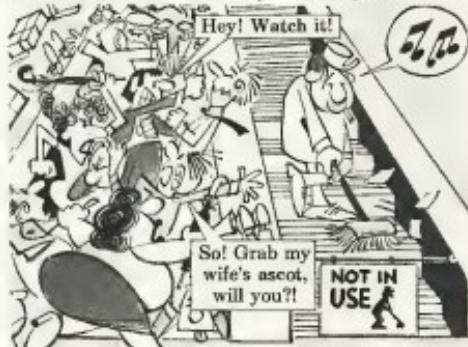
Allow for an occasional grinch.



Know which bars to avoid.



On any given day, half the city's escalators are not working. This is no doubt part of the mayor's Vast Master Plan for the city, so have patience.



Special warning to out-of-towners. Stay out of the following places...

Strange little book stores



Cheep steak joints

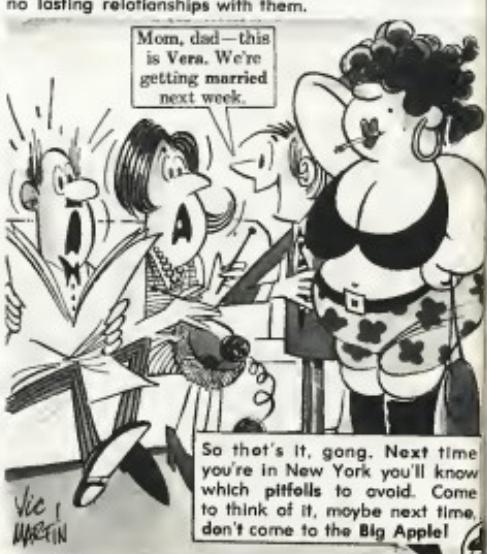


Subway rest rooms



Defacing New York with graffiti is inconsiderate—and it can be dangerous.

And finally, those women loitering around Times Square are there for your fleeting carnal pleasures only. For no lasting relationships with them.



Each year among the Wanukitata, a primitive South Seas community, jeering tribal elders herd the young of spear-point into a pit teeming with deadly snakes. Three years later, they unseal the pit to learn which of their offspring have survived the experience.

The Wanukitata call this a puberty rite. In this country, it's called high school. The only difference is that the young South Sea Islanders know exactly what they're getting into.

Now, in the interest of closing this preparedness gap and increasing our newsstand sales, we offer American youth our own helpful hints on ...

# HOW TO SURVIVE YOUR EDUCATION



# Is Survival in School a Viable Possibility?



Farley Fidget, '73, asks, "Where would I be without what I learned from John Dewey High?"



"High School teaches you to make your own choices in life," says Wilhelmina Wimp, '67. "At least I think it does. Or, on the other hand, maybe it doesn't?"



"John Dewey taught me the facts of life," claims Gary Greaser, '71, "and I'll learn them to you for only \$99 down, \$99 a month."

"Can it be done?" you may ask. "Can the average American teenager survive the rigors of today's high schools unassisted?" After all, of the four hundred eighty-three million Americans who have entered high school in this century, only thirty-four percent are still alive.

Well, CRAZY wants you to know that not only do many survive high school, but some even learn something from it!

Take Farley Fidget, for example. In search of survival tips for today's aspiring highschoolers, we turned first to this illustrious 1973 graduate of John Dewey High because his name is still so prominent in the news, months after the tragic Market Street mass sniping in which he played so central a role.

Contacted in his Death Row cell at Mulberry Farms Institution for Boys, Mr. Fidget eagerly showed us the books, the notebooks, the diplomas for the numberless correspondence courses through which, even today, he continues his unstoppable quest for knowledge. "Raising Rodents on a Shoestring" and "Molecular Physics Made Easy" seemed particular favorites of his, and we asked him why.

"I got a hundred on the final exams," he said proudly, shifting his eyes from side to side. "See, I didn't learn much in high school, but boy did I learn how to take tests!"

Next we turned to Ms. Wilhemina Wimp, '67, well-known to the psychiatric community as Assistant Librarian in the medical school's College of Neuroses and Psychoses. In the course of a busy schedule stacking and restacking the books in the College collection, Ms. Wimp graciously responded to that question so very much on our mind: "What did you learn from your years at John Dewey that would help today's high school students survive the experience?"

"High school?" she said tentatively, furrowing her brow as an inconsiderate psychiatrist removed a volume from a stack she had straightened only moments ago. "High school?"

Pressed for an example, Ms. Wimp grimly explained while restraightening the stack, "In high school, you learn to be very neat."

But it was on Greaser Motors Lot #74 that we came across what may well be the most useful and revealing lesson about high school that a recent graduate can offer. The advice came from Gary Greaser, voted "Most Likely to Fail" by the Class of 1971.

"Hell," he said, scanning the ranks of his cars stretching out to the horizon, "I didn't pay no attention to classes or nothing, but I learned a lot. I mean, hell, look around you—and I owe it all to good old John Dewey. Because I'll tell you, mac, what you learn in high school is, you learn what you can get away with."

Suddenly, it all became clear. What each of these three successful recent graduates was trying to tell us was that what they learned from their struggle to survive high school was, above all else, one crucial thing: they learned how to survive.

"You do whatever it takes," Mr. Greaser said with a chuckle as we left him. "Because I'll tell you something else. Soon as you're out of high school and on your own, they can't do nothing to you. I mean, look at Richard Nixon!"

# Everything you always wanted to know about school but had too much sense to ask

At John Dewey High School, as at many other schools throughout the land, returning students are greeted each fall with a curiously confusing document known as the school orientation booklet. Written and published in 1876, this exercise in self-indulgence on the part of the school bureaucracy contains, among many other useless features, a series of "often-asked questions" complete with manufactured answers which themselves are questionable at best. Here, then, as part of CRAZY's survival manual for the harried high school student, we present the questions real people ask about school—and the answers they so richly deserve.

**Q:** What do they really teach you in sex education?

**A:** Nothing you couldn't learn in sixty seconds from Nancy Jean Strumpet.

**Q:** Well, how do I get to meet Nancy Jean Strumpet?

**A:** Take sex education. She's in the course, because she thinks she's going to learn something from it.

**Q:** Suppose I really get to meet Nancy Jean Strumpet. What do I do then?

**A:** Forget her. This is supposed to be about surviving high school, not about how to get into trouble.



**Q:** I don't see the difference.

**A:** The difference is, with Nancy Jean you'll get into trouble before the year is out and you won't be able to go to college, where you could get into trouble instead with someone your parents approve of. Now ask me a question about school.

**Q:** Oh, all right. Why do I have to take English?

**A:** Have you ever heard of a high school graduate speaking Urdu or Tagalog?

**Q:** Well, what about gym? Why do I have to take gym if I'm going to college?

**A:** Surprise! You'll be taking gym in college too, so you'd better get used to it. It's humiliating to flunk out of college because you don't want people to see you naked in the shower.



**Q:** Tell me about lockers now. How do I get a locker where the door doesn't jam all the time?

**A:** Wait until after school so you can find that row of great new lockers under the stairs where they put all the freshmen. Then borrow a hacksaw from the metalworking shop and use your imagination.

**Q:** I think my imagination's my biggest trouble. With my luck, I'll pick on Buck Shinglepecker's locker. What happens then?

**A:** Look, you came to school for an education, didn't you?

**Q:** Is it really true what they say about Buck Shinglepecker?

**A:** Don't ask. If your luck's as bad as you say it is, he'll hear you, and whether it's true or not, he won't understand.

**Q:** Is it really all right if I bring my own lunch to school?

**A:** Of course! The cook in the school cafeteria will merely poison one of your friends every day until you're back in line. She really believes in meatloaf and Fresh Garden Peas. Now what else do you want to know?

**Q:** Do I have to attend assemblies?

**A:** Usually you can sneak away in time, but be very careful because that's when the teachers get together in the lounge to talk about all their students.

**Q:** You mean, maybe they'll hear me sneaking down the hall?

**A:** No. You'll hear them—and, believe me, you don't want to hear what they're saying about you. Remember that earnest little PS you wrote to Miss Boxx on the bottom of your midterm? Well, she's laughing about it with Mr. Cool right now. He's that new social studies teacher with the chin, and if you think you're hung up on Miss Boxx, you should see what he does to her.



**Q:** So what you're trying to tell me is, teachers like Miss Boxx aren't interested in kids?

**A:** No. What I'm telling you is, she isn't interested in you. You should have seen her last year, when she had Buck Shinglepecker in her class.

**Q:** I think I understand what you're getting at.

**A:** Exactly! Everything you fear the most about high school is true.

## Smallpox is better than what these people can do to you!

Many high school students naively believe that the guiding principle in the lives of teachers and school administrators is to make life impossible for everyone under the age of eighteen. Nothing could be further from the truth. The undistinguished dullards who preside over the offices and classrooms of John Dewey High School are, like their students, merely serving out their time. They make life impossible for everyone under the age of eighteen only because they don't know what the hell they're doing. But behind the scenes, in the nooks and crannies of old John Dewey—and in thousands of other high schools throughout the nation—are the people who really want to make your life miserable.



Never ask Velma Vapid to repeat that basketball schedule she was mumbling over the PA system, or she'll squeal the mike even longer the next time she's on the air.



Why is this woman smiling? Why is she unclothed? What is she doing in an article about high school? And why did you read this blurb first?



Don't try complaining to the elusive Sheldon B. Bluster, Superintendent of Schools, if your school is falling apart at the seams. His friends, who built it, have a contract to build a new one.



Dudley Stripclutch, who drives the bus, hates all kids regardless of race, color or creed, but parents never believe that because he always smiles at them.



Think the school shouldn't build that new basketball court? Don't tell "Stretch" Kneek jerk, the basketball coach, or he'll have them build you into the floor, no matter what you learned about democracy.



Avoid this person. Do not ask his name. Do not ask what he's doing in school, or what he does with that funny little chain. Do not even think about what he can do to you. But he'll probably do it anyway.



It's "Dusty" Feinstein who runs the school at night. That's when he jams all the locker doors and puts an extra coat of wax on that hallway floor where you break your leg last year.



If Penelope Prig, R.N., says you have gout or arthritis, take her word for it, because if you don't she'll make sure you get them. Then she'll give you the aspirin you went to see her for.



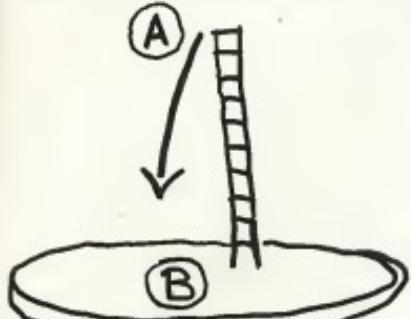
Carrie Cholera wouldn't be caught dead eating her own food in the school cafeteria, but you will be, if she can do anything about it. What's even worse, she'll make you eat her Peach Cobbler!

## Now There's An Answer To All Those Tests!

The overwhelming majority of high school students are firmly convinced that the best way to succeed at taking tests is to give the correct answers. Even some teachers believe this.

But let's look at this approach in the light of reality.

Consider, for example, this typical question on a midterm in a junior-year physics course:



Anson Snark (A), a champion trick-diver, descends through the air at  $32 \text{ ft/sec}^2$  toward a tub of water (B). If the temperature is  $58^\circ \text{ F.}$ , and Anson was  $100'$  in the air when he jumped, at what time will the water evaporate?

Obviously, this is one of those trick questions where much vital information has been left out. We don't know how Anson got up that ladder—if that's what it really is—and we don't even know why he jumped if it's so cold outside! Anyway, we have only the teacher's word for all of this, and if the way he did that drawing is any measure of his powers of observation, the chances are that Anson isn't even a he. Nevertheless, most students will do their best to answer the question correctly—with the result, of course, that they are well along the way to acne, ulcers, or a stroke before Anson gets into the water.

But there is no longer any need for these students to court premature death.

Yes, now there is a sure-fire method to beat those tests, amaze your teachers and friends, and eliminate facial blemishes permanently in 90 days.

Every question on every test, without exception, is answerable with the following sentence: "The perceptiveness displayed in your preparation of this exam, Mr./Ms./Mrs. (Teacher's Name), is irrefutable evidence that full tenure is your God-given right."

Memorize that bit of prose. Right now. And understand its implications. For you, exams may be torture; for them, it's just part of their job. That was an unacceptable excuse at Nuremberg. There's no reason you have to stand for it in school.

## Things to Watch Out for in Textbooks

**1. Omissions.** You may have wondered about those history texts that mysteriously end in 1947 before everything important happened... those science books they still use, even though they've discovered that everything in the books is wrong... those frank little volumes on sex education that tell you everything except what you're supposed to do. Well, the reason they leave all these things out of textbooks is really very simple: they don't want you to know. As soon as you realize this, you can develop a healthy attitude about textbooks and read something that makes more sense. We recommend the next issue of CRAZY.

**2. Personal notes.** Those messages Nancy Jean Strumpf wrote in the fleshy when she had the book last year are not intended for you. Do not buy her that anklet she wants. Do not wait by the flagpole Wednesday night at 8:00. Do not call that clinic in New York City to see if she's telling the truth.

**3. Ego-deflators.** Don't make the mistake of believing that those questions at the end of each chapter have anything to do with the text. The answers to those questions are found only in the teacher's guide to the course, and she has to look them up, too.

**4. More omissions.** Buck Shinglepecker did not tear out those four pages you found were missing from your algebra text after he ripped off the book. The publisher deliberately left them out because those four pages were the only part of the book that told the truth about algebra. You might as well just throw the text away—but be sure to keep the cover, so you can disguise that pornographic novel you've been carrying around in your pocket for weeks.

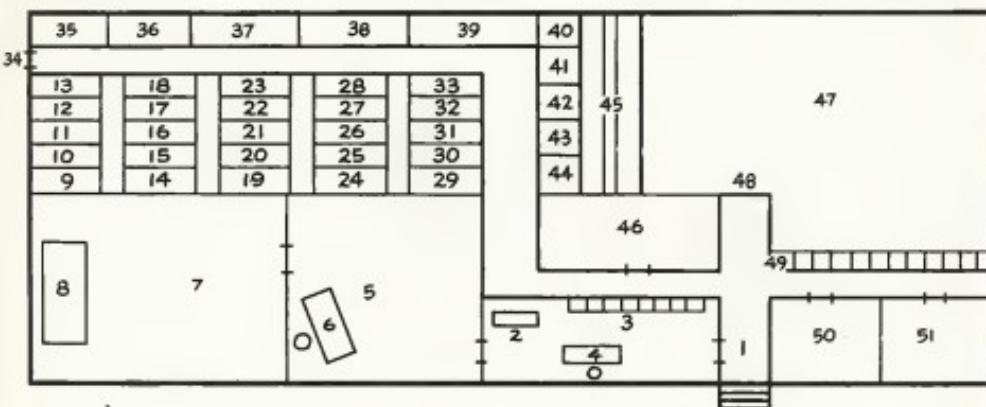
### The All-Purpose Textbook



Keep this volume handy in your locker at all times to cover your embarrassment when you've forgotten your books at home. Note the clever way in which our mail-order department has obliterated the crucial word of the title by hand, so that—whatever class you're going to—your teacher will be convinced you've been studying hard for her class. Don't bother to look inside, however. This book, like all other textbooks, was written pseudonymously by Miss Dorothy Dither, L.I.D., of Sheepdip, Wyoming, and it's wise not to believe a single word she says. (Modern, 474 pgs., sagging hardcover, available from Underachiever Books, New York, \$1.95. With pages: \$15.95.)

# Know Your Way Around School!

Typically, school orientation booklets omit all the really valuable information about the institution's geography. Study this diagram carefully. Then, when you know what to look for, you and your friends can prepare a similar cartological reference source for your own school.



1. The front hallway. This is the one where the janitor applies an extra coat of wax every night, so walk slowly even if you're a little late to school.
2. The bench where you wait to see the principal because you were dawdling in the front hallway.
3. The mailboxes where all the teachers come to look at you when you're waiting principal.
4. Miss Pillory's desk. She's the one who's there to make sure that you really squirm when you're waiting to see the principal.
5. The principal's office. The books on the shelves may have titles like *The COOPERATIVE Road to Education and Kindness Goes a Long Way*, but inside his desk (6) he's got the others on *New Discoveries on the Rack* and *The Korean Knuckle-Torture*.
6. The teachers' lounge. As in rooms 40-44, no one is quite sure what the teachers do in here, but at least the door (48) is usually unlocked so you can go in and take a look around if you wish. This is not advised, however, since someone in last year's senior class tried it, and no one has ever seen him since.
7. The principal's real office. This is where he has his bar and all his pinups. There's also a couch (8), where he'll go back to sleep after he's finally let you go to class.
- 8-33. Classrooms. Note that 14-33 have no windows; the science labs are in 14-18, so if you have an ounce of sense in your head, you'll either take Home Economics instead (35-36) or flee out the back door (34) when Mr. Bunsen, the chemistry teacher tells you for the fifth week in a row that there's no gas leak in his lab. Note also that the study halls (24-28) and the library (33) are directly opposite the hallway from the car-
- pantry and metalworking shops (37-38) and the room where the marching band practices (39).
- 40-44. These may be classrooms also, but the doors are always closed and no one talks about what goes on in there. It's no use trying to peek in through the windows from the walkway out back (45), because that's where Buck Shinglepecker hangs out during the day.
46. The auditorium. This room was carefully designed according to principles of acoustics formulated in 1864, so that the noise from the metalworking shop and the band room that's been bugging you so much is carried directly through the second floor to your seat in fifth-row center, so you might as well forget about cutting study hall or the library and attempting to study here instead. Maybe you're better off out back with Buck Shinglepecker.
47. These are the lockers you can't get open without a can-opener or a blowtorch.
- 50-51. The offices of the Deans of Boys and Girls, respectively. She's easy to get along with if you join the Stamp Club, but you know what they say about him.

# Avoid These Six Deadly Traps in School!

## 1. Curiosity

You're dozing off in American history class when, all of a sudden, you hear Mr. Dodder saying, "...but Abraham Lincoln wasn't a midget." Now, you know that Abraham Lincoln was a midget because Miss Beaver told you so last year, but don't make the mistake of asking Mr. Dodder what he means. He doesn't know what he means, and to prove it he'll give you half-a-dozen books on Abraham Lincoln and another ten on midgets. When you've read them all because he'll give you a C no matter what if you don't, he'll tell you about his trip to Gettysburg in 1923. Obviously, you'd be better off just keeping your mouth shut in the first place. Always remember that high school is no place to ask questions, because the answers you get will almost certainly be the ones you least want to hear.

## 2. Optimism

Spanish class is over, but Henrietta Heavenly has been wiggling around across the aisle ever since it started, and you're still sitting with your legs tightly crossed because you're afraid everyone will laugh if you stand up. Be sensible; cut your next class if necessary, because you're right. That's why Henrietta was wiggling around in the first place, and she's out in the hallway with her girlfriends now, just waiting for you to walk out.

## 3. Friendship

The last bell of the day has sounded, and you're on your way home when Dewey Yakamoto pulls you aside to explain that all the guys are going to protest the school dress code tomorrow by wearing nothing but jockstraps and sunglasses. Dewey is the class president, the captain of the squash team, and the best friend you've ever had, but don't believe him for a minute. Those little red pills he gave you last month were not Dyna-Mints, remember?



## 4. Morality

Mr. Doolittle has just announced a big English test for tomorrow, and Nancy Jean Strumpet passes you a note to tell you she'll be your friend if you'll help her out. She means exactly what you think she means; there's no danger at all that she doesn't. The danger is what she'll do if you turn her down, because if you force her to go see Mr. Doolittle tonight instead, she'll make sure that he flunks you.

## 5. Trust

You want to go to Harvard, but that hip young counselor the school hired last year is trying to talk you out of it. He says your grades aren't good enough, and he's probably right—but don't take his advice and apply to Wendell Willkie State instead, because that's the college that gives him the biggest kickback for every application. Never forget that this is the guy who told you that your aptitude test indicates you're suited to a career as a mercenary soldier. Anyway, Wendell Willkie State doesn't have a Department of Ichthyology, no matter what he says.

## 6. Self-confidence

You're in the locker room after gym class, and Buck Shinglepecker is getting undressed a few feet away. You've always wondered if what they say about him is true, but don't look—it probably is. Remember, though: ten years from now, you'll be happily married, have two healthy kids, and own a nice little home in the suburbs—while he's making it with every female in sight.

... and if you survive high school, remember —



you PAY for what they do to you in college!

# HISTORY of MOOSEKIND

Part VI—Moose, Myth and Magic. A supplementary chapter highlighting the legends, folklore and mythology of Moosekind.

Writer & Artist: BOB FOSTER

(Editor's note: Dr. Melville Moose is on an unscheduled vacation somewhere in the China Seas. In his absence his wife Myrna has submitted this installment.)

A potpourri of everpopular peculiarities and rarities of unrivaled notoriety from the scrapbooks of Mrs. Melville Moose, USDA, CT, PTA, and LSMFT. Mrs. Moose is recognized as one of the world's leading authorities on hamsters.

It was during our travels in the Scottish Highlands that I first became interested in legends. The first legend to tickle my fancy was the famous LOCH NESS MOOSE. It all began when my husband and his assistant were rowing across the fog-shrouded Loch Ness in search of some silly sea serpent. As I stood on the shore watching their boat disappear into the fogbank, I heard footsteps behind me. I turned and stood face-to-face with the LOCH NESS MOOSE. I realized immediately that all the stories I'd heard about him were true.

What a set of horns! What a proboscis! What a hunk of Moose! I was overwhelmed. He just swept me off my hoofs.

A little later, I was able to take a few snapshots of him before he once again vanished into the woods.



The vacationing Dr. Melville Moose, BN, APB, SOL, RCMP, and AWOL.

LEFT: Dr. Melville Moose and his assistant row off into the fog-shrouded waters of Loch Ness.



BELOW, LEFT and RIGHT: Two snapshots of the legendary Loch Ness Moose.

The snow-choked slopes of the majestic HIMALAYAS are said to be the home of the elusive ABOMINABLE SNOWMOOSE.

My husband headed an expedition into that area to seek out the legendary creature. At camp 6B, some 17,338 feet above sea level, on the morning of March 23, we awoke to find some things of interest in the snow outside my tent. It seems there had been a visitor in our midst during the night.

My husband never saw the Abominable Snowmoose in person but there was substantial evidence of his having been there.

I don't think he's so abominable.

A seldom seen denizen of America's Pacific Northwest known as BIG NOSE is thought to be closely related to the Abominable Snowmoose.

One of the major literary myths is the FRANKENSLIME MOOSE depicted in a novel by Mary W. Moose.

The story relates the creation of a living Moose from the parts of old, dead Mooses. The experiment goes awry when the mad scientist accidentally transplants the brain of a highly intelligent Moose into the head of his creation.

Other legends of literature include such folkheroes as ROBIN MOOSE and his Merry Herds; SHERLOCK MOOSE, private eye; The INVISIBLE MOOSE; The PHANTOM OF NOTRE MOOSE; and GONAD THE RUFFIAN.



The expedition headed by Dr. Melville Moose.



Evidence in front of tent.



At the rear of the tent.



Boris Moosoff as the Frankenslime Moose.



Robin Moose.



Sherlock Moose.



The Invisible Moose.



The Phantom of Notre Moose.



Gonad the Ruffian.

While the existence of the Loch Ness Moose is tangible, other legends are a little more tenuous. A prime example of this is the WEREMOOSE.

Though I never had the good fortune to meet a Weremoose face to face, I was assured that several did indeed exist in the shadowed valleys and umbral hillsides of the CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS.

According to the tales of the old Gypsy women, the night of the full moon is the night of the Weremoose. It is then that the afflicted Moose takes on the characteristics of a wolf.

His animal instincts prevail and dominate all mental and physical functions. Carnal intensity runs rampant.

Hmmm! Sounds divine!

The only cure for the curse is to be killed by a silver bullet.

To the south, cradled in the cleavage of the MOOSYLVANIAN ALPS, lies the birthplace of the grand-daddy of all legends—the Province of WORLOCKIA, eternal resting place of the MOOSE OF DARKNESS.

The VAMPIRE MOOSE, a creature of the night that thrives on the blood of others; a Moose who is no longer living, yet is not dead. He just smells that way.

Legend has it that each night, as the sun sets safely beyond the horizon, the infamous COUNT MOOSULA rises out of his coffin and sets out in search of fresh blood.

In seeking new victims he often assumes the form of a bat or a wolf.



Left  
From the 20th Century Moose film *I WAS A TEENAGE WEREMOOSE*, frames from the famous transformation scene, and from the final scene in which the creature is shot and cured by a Masked Moose known as the LONE GRANGER.



ABOVE: The Moose of Darkness.  
BELOW: Two forms that Moosula can assume during his nocturnal missions.



Mythological kingdoms have intrigued Moosekind for ages. The lost lands of MOO and LEMOOSIA are not to be found on any contemporary map. Perhaps the most famous of all is the lost continent of ANTLERANTIS, said to have been located somewhere in the ANTLERANTIC OCEAN.

Speaking of water—a somewhat more frivolous myth is that of the MERMOOSE, a fabled marine creature having the upper parts of a Moose and the lower parts of a fish, or vice-versa.

There is no proof that this creature exists, but lots of sailors have told me that they have no doubts that it does.

The best known of the airborne myths is that of PEGAMOOOS—the flying Moose.

Land, sea, or air, myths and legends abound all around the Earth. And according to another legend, our globe is held high in the heavens by yet another mythological character ANTLAS.

He can hold my glohes any time.



An old map pinpointing the location of the lost continent of Antlerantis.



A sailor's depiction of a Mermoose.



Pegamooos, the flying Moose.



LEFT: Antlas.

RIGHT: Mrs. Moose and an associate. "As I write this, authorities have still found no trace of my husband. Friends have consoled me as well as possible. We hope to hear something soon."



Take one perky, liberated woman-type mother, add two wiseacre, obnoxious daughters, stir in a building super who's a second-rate ladies' man, and one prying, meddlesome neighbor, and mix liberally with such topics as sex, drugs and violence . . . and the result is a post-Family Hour comedy that's about as funny as Jimmy Carter with an abscessed tooth. Of course we're talking about the socially relevant show that's so confusing from all this interplay, it should be called . . .

# ONE DAZE AT A TIME

Hello, Miz Romano . . . it's me, your super Super, Drain Schnauzer! Just dropped in to mispronounce a few words, proposition you a couple of times, make a nuisance of myself, and mainly . . . supply this show with some cheap, low-class, ethnic humor!

Don't bother me now! Can't you see I'm practicing my cute, adorable facial expressions? Gee . . . with me being so charming and lovable, it's hard to imagine where my horrible demented daughters come from!

Speaking of your horrible, demented daughters . . . why are they fighting?

They're fighting? It's hard to notice with all the shouting and cursing that usually goes around here!

You stole my boy friend Phil . . . and my new Elton John record!

That's ridiculous! I don't even like Elton John!

HOME SWEET DUMP



Writer: Tom DeFolco

Artist: Kent Gamble

Borebra! Jewelry! Stop fighting this instant! If there's any fighting to do on this show, I'll do it! Mainly, fighting to keep being upstaged by you two hammy teenyboppers!

But, Mom . . . Jewelry's been hogging the show lately! Every week she has an average, relevant, post-Family Hour, sit-com-type problem like running away from home, becoming a religious fanatic, experimenting with sex, or picking up a terminal case of ring-around-the-collar!

What's your complaint?

Shut up and go back to fighting!



Borebra's right, Jewel! She's entitled to an occasional starring role too!

But, as the older, wiser, more mature daughter, I deserve this show's spotlight and, unless I get it, I'll scream, holler and throw my weekly temper tantrum!

Stop acting like the star! I'll throw the tantrums around here!

Why can't you respect my wishes, Jewel? I'm your mother . . . why can't you look up to me?

It's hard looking up to you, Mom! Especially since you're the shortest member of the cast!



Mom, my dermatologist thinks I'm coming down with pimples!

Now there's a sweet, innocent problem our viewers can relate to!

...So he wants to take me to Las Vegas for the weekend and give me a thorough examination!

AHA! I see. You'll do nothing of the kind! You'll take him to Las Vegas and let his mother worry!



JOHN V SWINSTON

Borebra, you're not really going away with this dermatologist?

No! Actually, I'm going to the Laundry! We spend so much time solving controversial subjects, we never do a decent wash! Besides, it gives me an excuse to get out of this crazy apartment!



Hi, everybody! It's me . . . Genie Rubbemecky! Just dropped by for my weekly cameo so that viewers can compare my dull, drab, unexciting life as a swinging-single cocktail-waitress to Ann Romano's happy, fulfilling, meaningful existence as a single parent stuck in a three-room apartment!

3/2

WAP

VEG OR BUS

Gosh . . . the way people just pop into our apartment! You'd think nobody knew how to knock a door!

Right! It's a good thing this show's set in Indianapolis! We'd never survive in New York with our open-door policy!



I'm supposed to be taking out the garbage, Miz Romano . . . but maybe I can take you out instead?

Believe me Schnauzer . . . you'll make out better with the garbage! I just haven't got eyes for you!

So what? That's not the part of you I want!



Why won't you go out with me, Miz Romano? I'll have you know that women tear their hair out to go out with me!

So? Who wants to go out with bald-headed women?



Mom! Mom! Jewelry's hogging the show again! She just decided to quit high school!

You never give me aggravation like that, Borebrol! That's because you're a sweet kid. A lousy pink, but a sweet kid!



But, Jewelry, if you quit school now you'll never get a good job! You'll be forced to accept low, degrading work like a dishwasher, a floor-sweeper, a janitor, or worst of all . . . a writer for CRAZY!



ANNIE NEEGOOD & DOROTHY

Notice how Ann calmly solves every problem that comes her way? She has great mental control!

Yes . . . and on upper-cut to match!



Ann's a better problem-solver than Henry the K! Maybe we should send her to the Middle East!

To solve the Arab-Israeli conflict?

No . . . to give me a chance to star on this show!





BETTY SWEENEY BY BETTY SUE GOODMAN ILLUSTRATED BY

# STREET GANG ILLUSTRATED

60¢  
(unless  
stolen first)

**THE DESIGNATED VICTIM:**  
*How It Helped Boost Attendance  
In Emergency Wards*

**Little Leaguer Reveals:**  
*"I Wiped Out 6 Opponents  
with My Tinker Toys!"*

**Oldtimer Miller Muggins Proclaims:**  
*"The Brass Knuckles were Harder  
in My Days."*

**The 1974 Rumbles:  
Who's Favored to Win?  
Predictions on all  
107 Gangs.**



**"Keep the kids out of school and put them on the streets."**

It is our opinion that school is not cool. After all, juvenile delinquency is limited in the classroom. You can smoke in the bathrooms, write dirty words on the walls, and beat up 2nd Graders, but that's all? The street provides a much wider atmosphere for full creativity. Take for example, Jarvis Pembleton. Pembleton was frustrated in school. He had straight A's, and a scholarship to Harvard. But he wanted to be somebody, so he contacted us. We placed him in a special "beginners"

gang, and in 6 months, Pembleton was stealing hubcaps, knifing tourists, and setting small stores on fire. Best of all, Pembleton found out he had true art ability; drawing mustaches on many local election posters . . . Once just an ordinary student, Pembleton is presently wanted in 16 states, with a \$10,000 reward, end on April 2, the highlight of his career came: He made the F.B.I.'s ten most wanted list. Jarvis Pembleton got his wish; he is somebody, thanks to us . . .

**Letters to the Editor**

Dear Editor—I tink yore magazeen is good. I like the pictchores. But sometimes youze use big woids, like "arm", "kick", and "the." I reached 5th grayde befour I dropped out. Sum of your udder readers might not be so forchoonit as I. Please, more pictchores, and less big woids.

Yours truelle,  
Ralph Waldo Broggio

Dear Editor—I agreed with last week's Editorial "Is Mondo Zuckayewski Washed Up?" I think you were right in saying the guy just doesn't have it any more. He hasn't killed or seriously injured anyone in the past 3 weeks. Zuckayewski is over the hill, and I'm glad your magazine noticed it.

Sincerely,  
Terence Flottermann



Jarvis Pembleton  
wet look



Jarvis Pembleton  
the greasy look.

Dear Editor—Tanks for dat swell article on my idol; Chico Mineo. I realize I am not dee only kid what adores dis guy, but I wuz dere when Mineo trow a brick tru my old lady's kitchen window; and he pointed at the exact spot he was going to trow it et, before he trow it. What a super-

star! Where can I write him for an autographed brick?

Sincerely,  
Bubba Letch  
write: Chico Mineo  
208553051  
Municipal Jail  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Editor—You have 36 hours to live.

Sincerely,  
Mondo Zuckayewski

Dear Editor—Some information, please, on that great new gang; "Nino and the Cat Kickers."

Thank you,  
Shirley Smith



"Nino & The Cat-Kickers"—left to right—  
Tad, Ricky, Moose, Nino, Dancer, Prencar, Donner, Blitzen, Nelson

◀ Nino Fabrezzio (formerly George O'Brien) formed his group from 12 guys who didn't make their high school football team and who were voted "Most likely to degenerate" in their class. Of the original 12, 9 remain (3 were run over by a stolen bulldozer in a local rumble). Last year, they tore down the house (literally) at Wally's Fish Market. They should be fighting at home, slum in the near future. Consult your local newspaper for the dates and times.

## 3 Inducted Into Hall of Fame

(UPI) Gang war greats Lester "Leather Les" McVea, Tyrone "Broccoli Breath" Brazziola, and Juan "The Slime" Jiminez were honored today at the Bedford-Stuyvesant Hall of Fame for Street Gang Derelicts and Tough Guys.

McVea, who was notorious for biting opponents in the armpit, (the infamous "McVea Munch") was choked up at the honor, and openly wept as he stabbed 3 school children.

Brazziola and Jiminez, old rivals in the Harlem Dumps (known as "the house that Jiminez built"), had not seen each other in 45 years, and immediately made obscene gestures towards each other. Brazziola kicked over Jiminez' crutches, and the 2 idols began wrestling on stage. Jiminez got in 3 good rights to the head before Brazziola broke his hearing aid and (cont. pg. 36)



Brazziola

## GURSTENGLOG PUT ON DISABLED LIST



"Black Vulture" Superstar Rudy Gurstenglog was placed on the 21 day disabled list today after sustaining severe flesh wounds, 212 broken bones, loss of 6 fingers, paralysis of the heart, and german measles during a scheduled six gang rumble on the lower east side. (Doctors said apparent brain damage was a false alarm, since Gurstenglog has been a moron from birth.)

The "Black Vulture" captain, whose superb switchblade handling lead his gang to a come-from-behind victory, was enraged at the decision, claimed he felt "fine" and brushed off rumors of his retirement. "I want to be traded," said Gurstenglog, "to a team that doesn't give a hoot about my injuries, like . . . the U.S. Army!"

### Rule Changes Announced

Street gang commissioner Kuhle Bone today announced a list of rule changes devised to make street fighting more exciting to the fans. These included:

1. Absolutely no knifing below the ankles.
2. Required time out after 10 quarts or more of blood is lost.
3. Absolutely NO bazookas or anti-aircraft guns permitted after 6 P.M.
4. Mandatory 8 count for dead gang members.

## The Stars Reveal Their Favorite Stadiums



above: left to right, 171st St. Stadium, 111th St. Stadium, Shey Stadium, Hospital Stadium

Gang members opinions vary on the types of stadiums they prefer to fight in.

"Give me good ol' concrete sidewalks, like Shay Stadium," said Desi Cardwell of the "Garter Snakes," "the heads bounce too high on that new asbestos turf they got."

Lefty McTish of the "Conquerors" disagreed, giving his vote of confidence to 171st Street's new asbestos turf, saying it was prettier and more accommodating to hopscotch.

There was a large group of hoods who preferred to fight at the new L.I. Expressway City Hospital Stadium, which happens to be the most popular stadium in the nation for street fighters . . .



above: Hundreds showed their support for the "Rebels" on annual Banner Day.

## PROMOTION DAYS BRINGING IN THE FANS

In an effort to boost attendance at local street fights, promoters have offered the fans an assortment of "gimmick" days.

On the east side, support was shown for the 'local' "Rebels" on "Banner Day." Hundreds of banners were brought, with prizes being given for "most vulgar," "worst grammar" and "best banner to housetrain puppies on." All in all, it was a wonderful time for everyone.

The "Fruits of the Loom" held their annual "Zipgun" day, with fans receiving replicas of the weapons their heroes use, and in Coney Island, the "Steeplechasers" held a "Fan Participation Day," where followers of the gang could fight with them. This, however, proved to be a failure as the "Steeplechasers" lost 3% of all their fans in the process (cont. page 60)

### Standings

BLACK DIVISION	W	L	*BUP	PCT
"MIGHTY EARWAX"	35	3	14	.955
"BLACK SWANS"	33	5	14	.941
"OFF-WHITE SWANS"	28	21	21	.800
"SHARKS"	16	16	16	.500
"JETS"	14	28	10	.013
a—"JOE'S BAR & GRILL"	2	30		.012
b—"FLAMING TARAN-TULAS"		2		-.006
—Broken up by Police.				
e—Thought this was a bowling league.				
b—Forfeited after 2nd match due to lack of living members.				

### BLUE DIVISION

BLUE DIVISION	W	L	*BUP	PCT
c—"GOLDEN CHICKEN LIVERS"	48	0	0	1.000
"HANG NAILS"	27	13	14	.706
d—"BUFFALO CHIPS"			117	?
"MURRAY LANGSTON & HIS DANCING ZEBRA"	4	40	14	.214
"SATAN'S SON'S"	0	50	7	.000
"SATAN'S NEPHEWS"	0	50	7	.000
g—"SATAN'S NEPHEW'S SONS"	0	50	7	.000

c—Clinched pennant on first day when they held major hostage.  
d—Disqualified due to illegal use of napalm.  
g—Won 3-way playoff for last place when 14 members went to gay lib meeting.

### TOP TEN

	Killings	Flesh-wounds	Cripplings	Mainly	Multiple	Violence
				Practices		Avg.
Brown, Roscoe	13	117	135	316	6	.520
The Hun, Attila	6	201	60	40	92	.506
Pigg, Porko	11	24	301	30	35	.468
Godzilla, Robert	25	13	10	100	41	.467
Robinson, Chuck	3	200	200	200	6	.433
Lobianca, Angelo	14	0	11	602	1	.420
Piranha, Jocko	36	3	4	5	60	.400
Hilter, Manuel	714	0	0	0	0	.395
Ripper, Jack	90	2	4	6	8	.345
Bull, Sitting	1	91	92	3	20	.329
P. S.I. (Ribcages Busted In) Martinez 65, Jiminez 60, Gutierrez 49, Perez 47, Simonsez 43.						
E.R.A. (Eyebrows Ripped Apart) Smith 117, Jones 111, Brown 93, Rivello-Gutierrez 17.						
H.R. (Homes Robbed) Martinez 230, Allstate 150.						

## At Your Souvenir Shop



Bubba Brando autographed switchblade—with genuine plastic handle signed by the "Purge's Angels" star we all know & love.  
"Bubba" blade—\$3.99

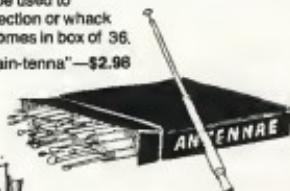


Broken Glass Bottle with Your Team's Insignia—guaranteed sharp broken glass bottles like the ones real gangsters use. Choose from 30 team insignias.

Broken Beer Bottle—\$4.99  
Broken Coke Bottle—\$3.99

Radio Antennas for fun & enjoyment—stolen from neighborhood autos (without discrimination), radio antennas can be used to poke into midsection or whack across face. Comes in box of 36.

"Pain-tenna"—\$2.98



Street Gang Yearbooks—All the stats on your favorites. 300 photos (front & side shots) plus where the stars will be the next 10-20 years.

Yearbook—\$1.00

# THE 1974 STREET FIGHTING ILLUSTRATED ALL-PRO TEAM



## rock-thrower

Lou "The Skunk" Rizzo, Brooklyn "Bombers" possesses outstanding arm which won him CyYawn award this year when he led league in fractured skulls, concussions and broken windows.



## place-kicker

Weird Willie Washington, Harlem "Vultures" has no equal at placing kicks, usually in the groin of enemy gang members. Set record of 45 ruptures in one rumble, May 4, 1973.



## left creep

Francis "The Worm" Qrsvkjfbnu, North Bronx "Black Tunas," No one will ever forget that April twi-nighter when Qrsvkjfbnu hit opponent Norm Lasagnano in the head with a lead pipe while his back was turned.



## clean-up

Tito "The Bandito" Gonzalez, South Brooklyn "Fish." Generally considered the fastest juvenile delinquent in the league, Gonzalez was the uncontested leader in stolen hubcaps with 101. And his record of 18 transistor radio thefts in one afternoon will probably never be broken.

## Defensive line—

Efrem Zimbellus 111th Street "Rhinoceros" affectionately known as "Wall," Zimbellus finally bloomed into the star many predicted he would be. Efrem has a classic swing with his bicycle chain, mortally wounding a record 36 opponents, and finishing with an astounding 817 injury inflicted average.



## break-back

Rex "Rex" Feinblom, Park Avenue "Jetsets." Only member of team who can afford an aluminum baseball bat, Feinblom was responsible for loss of 6,355 enemy teeth in this, his rookie year. Feinblom, characteristically, apologized to every face he ruined with his bat, earning him the "Lady Bang" sportsmanship award.



## cutoff man

Judah Ben-Gay, Coney Island "Hell's Angels," possesses exceptional agility and quickness; most experts agree he has the finest wrists in the league. Ben-Gay went on a hot streak this year, collecting 68 toes, 4 hands, 307 ear lobes, and 14 junkies.

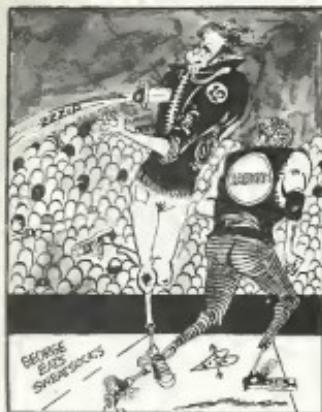


## primary mutilator

Wayne "Cemetery" Gwediczik, 7th Avenue Subway "Snails." Perhaps highest paid performer in gang war history (after robbing 3 banks), Gwediczik uses no switchblades, bats or chains, preferring instead to beat opponents senseless with fire hydrants. Was named M.V.P. (maliciously violent posyen) in league for fifth straight year after he threatened to kill judges.



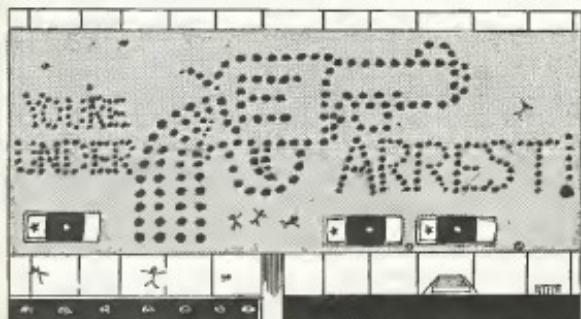
# GANG WAR CHAMPIONSHIP HIGHLIGHTS-1974



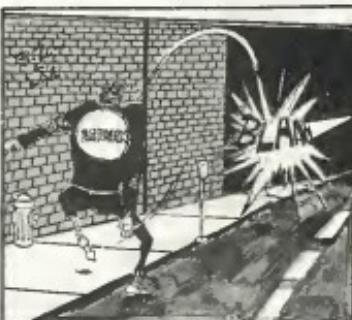
**YOU GOTTA HAVE A HEART—**  
"Chicken Liver" back Max Ovblik makes key interception of a knife in 1st period.



**BETWEEN MATCH BREAK**—Opposing Captains Flint and Erlichman take time out from killing each other to playfully mug a 91 year old grandmother



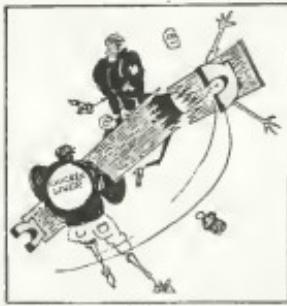
**HALFTIME** entertainment was supplied by the 102 precinct police dept. who did marching formations to the tune of "Jailhouse Rock."



**THE BOMB**—"Earwax" Star "Roach" Williamson hits opponent with a 75 yard pass of a stick of dynamite.



**KEY PLAY**—Diagram of last-minute rumble which won series for the Chicken Livers. "X" to far right represents Chicq "The Chicken" Sanchez.



**BENCH STRENGTH**—"I said the team with the strongest bench would win this," said Coach O'Brien. "Heck, ours was solid oak, theirs was only plywood."



**THE WINNERS**—Triumphant gang members follow tradition and carry opposing coach off on their shoulders!!!!



Let's face it — games like MONOPOLY are old hat! I mean, who do you know who would really like to be a slumlord and own houses and hotels on Baltic Avenue or even St. Charles place? And — c'mon now — who among us could ever really afford to buy Park Place? No, what we need are more modern games — games that have something to do with such modern-day concepts as hanging out at the local shopping mall. What we need are games like...

# MALL-OPOLY™

Writer: Steve Skeates

Artist: Ron Zalme



## HISTORY OF THE GAME

One day in 1973, Joe Jakoozzi, a teenager from Nowhere, New Jersey, unable to afford a bus ride to the local shopping mall, decided to hang out in the center of town instead, in front of a men's clothing store called HIS PANTS. Joe should never have left the house at all that day; he was suffering from a high fever and was even hallucinating. At one point, in fact, Joe thought he saw a chicken with a loaded .45 standing on the other side of the street. This hallucination caused Joe to formulate what he considered to be "the greatest and funniest riddle ever conceived by the mind of mortal man." Later that same day, when he ran into his friend Hector, Joe tried out this riddle by asking Hector, "Why did the chicken cross the road?"

When Hector could come up with no answer, Joe shouted triumphantly, "To hold HIS PANTS up!" Hector didn't get the joke, but that didn't stop Joe. Besides liking to hang out at the shopping mall, Joe had always wanted to own a grocery store, a barber shop, a laundromat and a dress shop (sometimes Joe could be rather weird). And, it was because of all of these desires that Joe decided to create his own shopping mall, a mall where he could virtually hang out forever. The end-product of all this foolishness was, of course, the game MALL-OPOLY, a game Joe felt to be the perfect pastime for the seventies. Unfortunately, by the time Joe finished making up the game, it was already the eighties. But you can't win 'em all.

## DIRECTIONS

1. Carefully remove the game board (found on the inside front and back covers) from the rest of the magazine. Then, cut out and assemble the cards, the figures, the money, the Wheel of Karma and Weltschmerz, the Pointer of No Return, and the dice, as found on the next couple of pages.



2. Each player receives, as his highly limited bank roll, five dollars in MALLOPOLY money, which he must try very hard not to spend too freely.



3. The players move their figures around the board in a clockwise fashion starting at ENTRANCE.



4. Each player in turn rolls the dice, then multiplies the number shown on the dice by 6, then adds 7 to that number, subtracts 3 from that number, adds the original number (still shown on the dice, dummy) to that number, then adds 4 to that number, subtracts 8 from that number, and divides that number by 7. This will tell you how many spaces you are to move your figure forward.



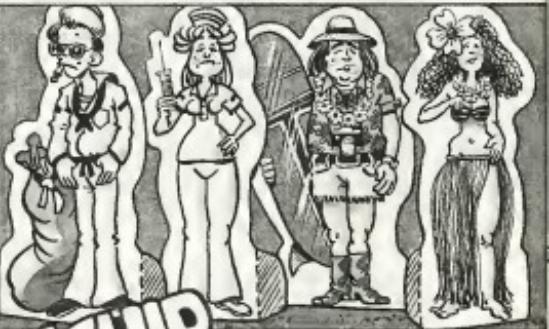
5. When a player lands on a SCRAWLMARK card shop or the GROCERY STORE, he must spin the POINTER OF NO RETURN as found upon the WHEEL OF KARMA AND WELTSCHMERZ in order to determine from which pile of cards he is to pick.



6. A player who is broke or even in debt may stay in the game as long as a player with money doesn't land on the same space he occupies. Once a player with money lands on the space he occupies, the broke player is automatically shamed out of the game.



7. If a player lands on NAVY RECRUITING and does not possess a 4-F card, he will be able to join the Navy and therefore will have to leave the game. Similarly, if he possesses the PASSPORT card and lands on the TRAVEL AGENCY, he will be able to leave the country and therefore he'll also be out of the game. However, if, while you possess the PASSPORT card, you draw the LOSE PASSPORT card, you will be able to place the PASSPORT card, as well as the LOSE PASSPORT card, back into the deck, so that some other sucker will have to go through all of this at some later point in the game.



8. The person who gets to hang out at the mall the longest is, of course, the winner.



Earlier this year, three teenagers from suburban Rochester in beautiful New York state played one game of MALL-OPOLY for eighteen days straight without even breaking for lunch. Others in other states have been known to play this game until the cows came home. Have at it!

# ATTENTION:

Yes, please pay strict attention. This is crucial.

It is extremely important that you read the following directions over several times before trying to follow them, because, once you start following them, you won't be able to read them again, mainly because, by then, they'll no longer be intact; they'll be cut up into so many little pieces.

As a matter of fact, perhaps it would be best if you would completely memorize the following instructions rather than simply reading them over. Otherwise, knowing you, you'll probably blow the whole thing — cut the heads off the figures or cut the WHEEL OF KARMA AND WELTSCHMERZ up into four equal parts or something supremely dumb like that.

Okay?

Now, here's what you're supposed to do:

First, cut this page out of the magazine, then slap some paste or glue to this side of the page and stick it onto a piece of cardboard.

No, don't do it yet! Wait until after you've finished reading and memorizing these directions, you dummy!

Now, once you've finished pasting this page onto a piece of cardboard, carefully cut out the figures, the WHEEL OF KARMA AND WELTSCHMERZ, the POINTER OF NO RETURN and the dice.

Then, fold the stands of the figures along the dotted lines. That way the figures will be able to stand.

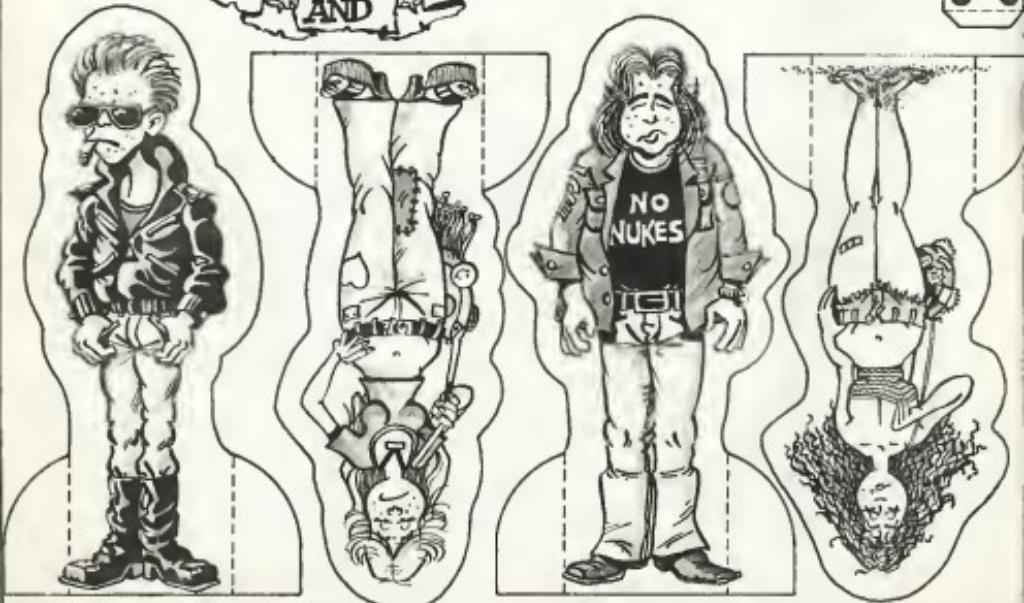
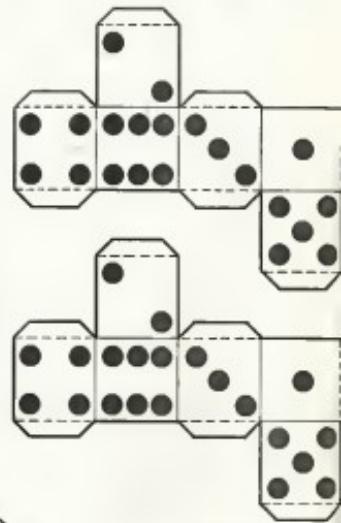
As for the dice, put some paste or glue upon the little tabs, then fold everything you can get your hands on until you come up with two cute little cubes.

Finally, stick a pin through the POINTER OF NO RETURN and the WHEEL OF KARMA AND WELTSCHMERZ so that the POINTER spins around on top of the WHEEL. And that's it. Got it? No? Well, then, let's go over it again:

First, cut this page out of the magazine, then slap some paste or glue to this side of the page and stick it onto a piece of cardboard. Now, once you've finished pasting the page onto a piece of cardboard....



Glue, paste or nail this page to a piece of cardboard. Then, cut out the figures and the dice, and fold to stand or throw, depending. No, no, you fool — you throw the dice, not the figures. Grow up, willya!



You're having an anxiety attack. Quick, rush to the drug store and spend a lot of money!

(2 DOLLARS)



You're feeling sick.  
GO TO THE ENTRANCE  
FOR A BREATH OF  
FRESH AIR.



GO  
HANG OUT  
AT THE  
CHEESE STORE.



Did you have a  
PASSPORT?  
WELL, YOU DON'T  
ANYMORE.  
YOU JUST LOST IT!



You can't stand looking at this stupid  
shop one second longer.  
ADVANCE RAPIDLY 34  
SPACES.



You pass out from hunger.  
Lose seven turns,  
then crawl to  
McRONALO'S.



Lose one turn as  
you stop to  
wonder why your  
life is so mean-  
ingless.



 You will meet a tall  
dark stranger who  
will steal all your  
money. Tough luck,  
fella.

 You are emotionally  
unstable, which means  
you just might win this  
game.

 You ARE a tall dark  
stranger. Take all the  
money from a player of  
your choice.

Go to the barber shop  
for a trim. Get hair  
down the back of your  
shirt and spend TWO  
DOLLARS.



Go hang out at the  
HAIRDRESSERS.

The Plaza Police are after you.  
Hide in the  
STORE FOR RENT.



Don't you wish you were playing  
some other game. Well, you're not.  
SO, LOSE  
ONE DOLLAR.



In the midst of an identity

crisis, you decide to go to  
the GROCERY STORE.





This is UNBELIEVABLE! The Bank is giving away free money. Rush there and get five dollars. (But don't withdraw the three).



You've been declared 4-F because of your limp.

IT'S IN YOUR WRIST.



You're getting sick of hanging out at this same mall day after day after day. But just think what the people here must think of YOU!



Go hang out at the PIZZA PARLOR.



Threaten the person to your right with violence so he'll give you TWO DOLLARS. If he doesn't have it, sulk!



Punch the player of your choice in the eye and send him to the OPTOMETRIST.



Go hang out at the DRESS SHOP.



Go hang out at the CARPET STORE.



Go to the MOVIE THEATRE and sneak in without paying.



Your father has just paid off all your debts and given you FIVE DOLLARS besides and you don't even appreciate it!



You're so depressed you don't know if you can go on.

LOSE  
ONE  
TURN.



Pretend this card is something important by HAVING it from the other players.



Go hang out at the POOL HALL.

Since there is no pool hall in this mall, that means you're out of the game.



Go to MCDONALD'S, buy a hamburger, and eat it!



Go hang out at the ENTRANCE.

You won't have to buy anything there.



Beg, cry and generally make a fool of yourself, so that the person to your right will lend you TWO DOLLARS.



Go ahead 3 spaces, back 2, ahead 3, back 4. Now, wasn't that fun?



Don't forget to call your mother and tell her you'll be home late.



*Ennui*



*Ennui*



*Ennui*



*Ennui*



*Ennui*



*Ennui*



*Ennui*



*Ennui*



*Ennui*



*Ennui*



*Ennui*



*Ennui*



*Ennui*



*Ennui*



*Ennui*



*Ennui*



*Ennui*



*Ennui*



Go hang out at the  
**DISCOUNT  
STORE.**



The manager of this  
shop hates your guts.  
**ADVANCE  
RAPIDLY  
12  
SPACES.**



Go hang out  
at the  
**PLANT  
STORE.**



You have been declared 4-F because  
of your breath.  
**BOY, ARE YOU  
DISGUSTING!**



You can't afford to eat at  
**LE CAFE  
EXPENSIVE.**  
So, don't go there.



Go hang out at  
**McRONALD'S**



Somebody punched you in the eye.  
**GO TO THE  
OPTOMETRIST.**



Go hang yourself  
at the  
**TIE STORE.**



You're tired of having  
perfect hearing.  
Go directly to the  
**STEREO  
SHOP.**



Go hang out at the  
**CANDY  
STORE.**



You never really grew  
up, did you? Okay,  
then, go to the  
**TOY STORE,**  
IF THAT'S YOUR  
SPEED.



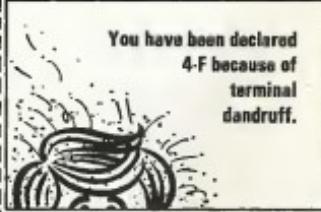
Go hang out at the  
**HAIRDRESSERS.**



You found two dollars lying on the  
floor. **POCKET IT.**



You have been declared  
4-F because of  
terminal  
dandruff.



This is your  
**PASSPORT.**  
UH-OH! NOW  
YOU'RE IN  
TROUBLE!



You lost your cigarettes. Go back to the  
drug store, and spend  
**ONE DOLLAR.**



Go hang out at the  
**KARATE ACADEMY**  
AND GET A BITE  
TO EAT.



**Boredom**



**Boredom**



**Boredom**



**Boredom**



**Boredom**



**Boredom**



**Boredom**



**Boredom**



**Boredom**



**Boredom**



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**Boredom**



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**Boredom**



**Boredom**



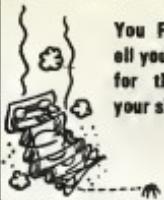
**Boredom**



You lost your PASSPORT. You lucky devil, you. Now you can hang out here FOREVER.



You FOOL! You lost all your money except for the DOLLAR in your shoe.



FREE PASS to the movies. Saves you three dollars whoo-ah if you lead there.



Go hang out at the LAUNDRY.



Your face has broken out. Go to the DRUG STORE for zit medicine. Spend ONE DOLLAR.



Go to the laundromat and hang out there longer than usual (six turns).



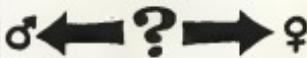
Go to the STORE FOR RENT.

Talk someone with you. And leave twelve tures. Both of you.



You just found a wallet lying on the floor. Unfortunately, it's empty.

If you're male, go back three spaces. If you're female, go ahead three spaces. If you're unsure, stay where you are.



Your pockets are feeling empty. Go directly to the BANK.



BUM A BUCK FROM THE PERSON ON YOUR LEFT.



You just picked up someone. That means the next time you go to the movies, you'll have to pay six instead of three dollars.



You lost your comb. Not that that means you have to do anything, but don't you feel foolish.



Go to the LE CAFE EXPENSIVE, AND IGNORE WHAT IT SAYS TO DO.



BUM A BUCK FROM THE PERSON ON YOUR LEFT.



Your hair's a mess! Why don't you go hang out at the PET STORE.



Don't ever lose that SMILE!



There has been a DEATH in your family. Reflect upon this for ONE TURN. Then get back to hanging out.



**Futility**



**Futility**



**Futility**



**Futility**



**Futility**



**Futility**



**Futility**



**Futility**



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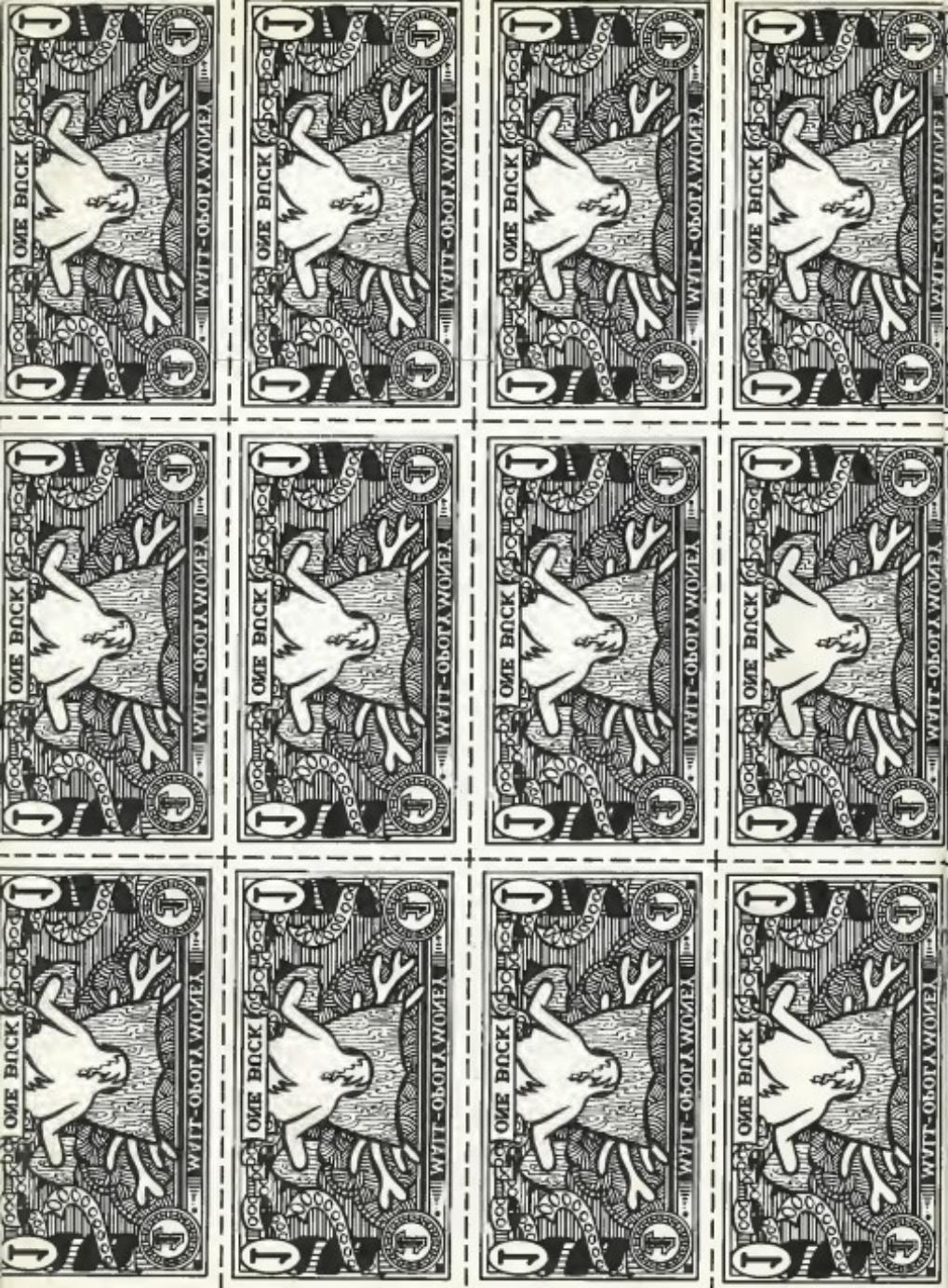
**Futility**



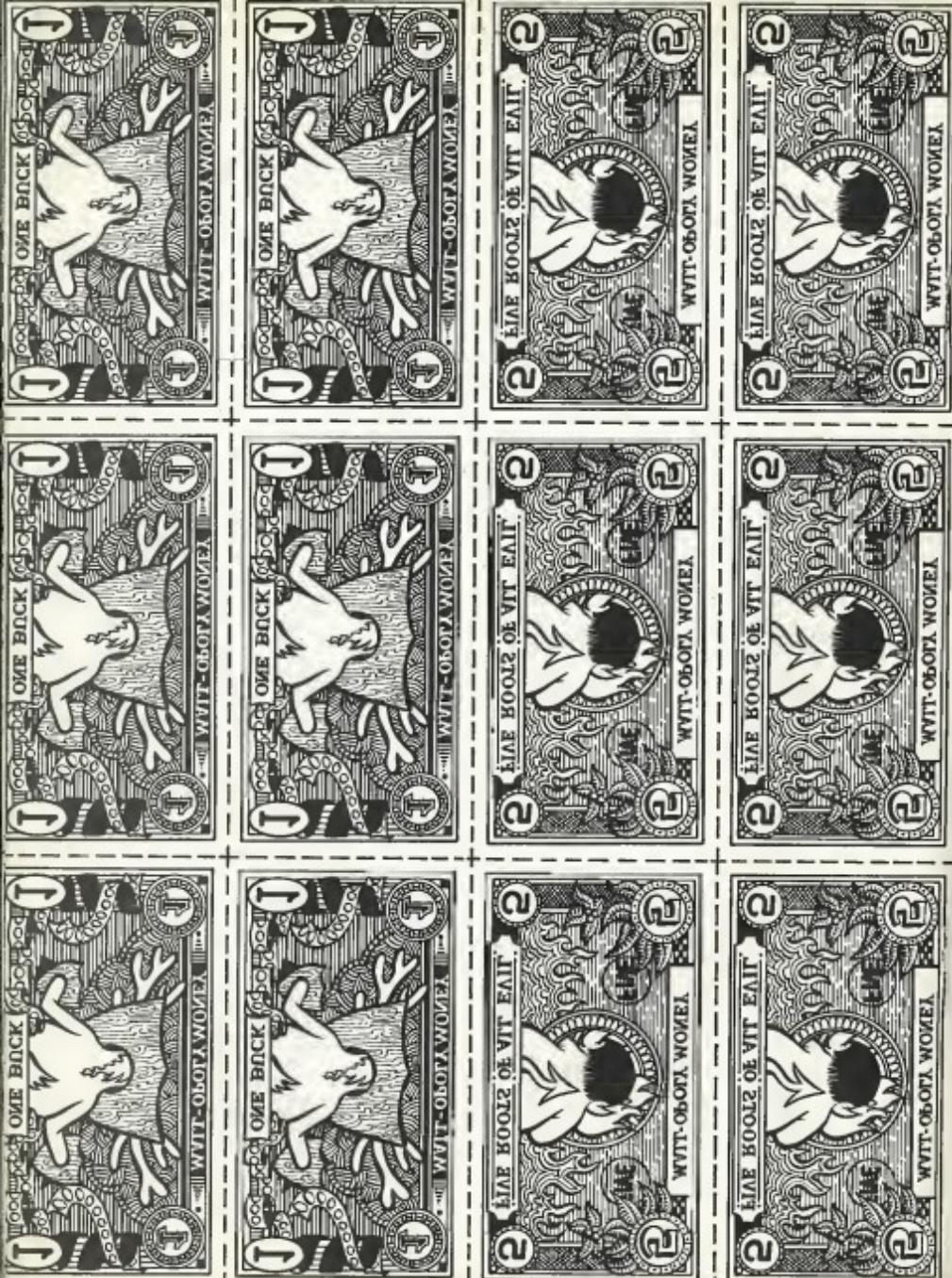
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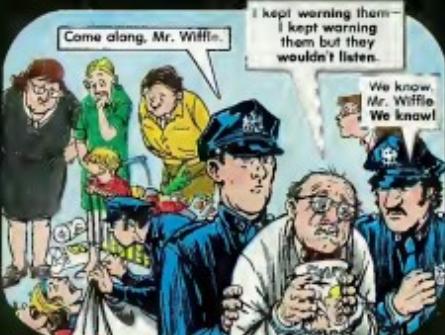


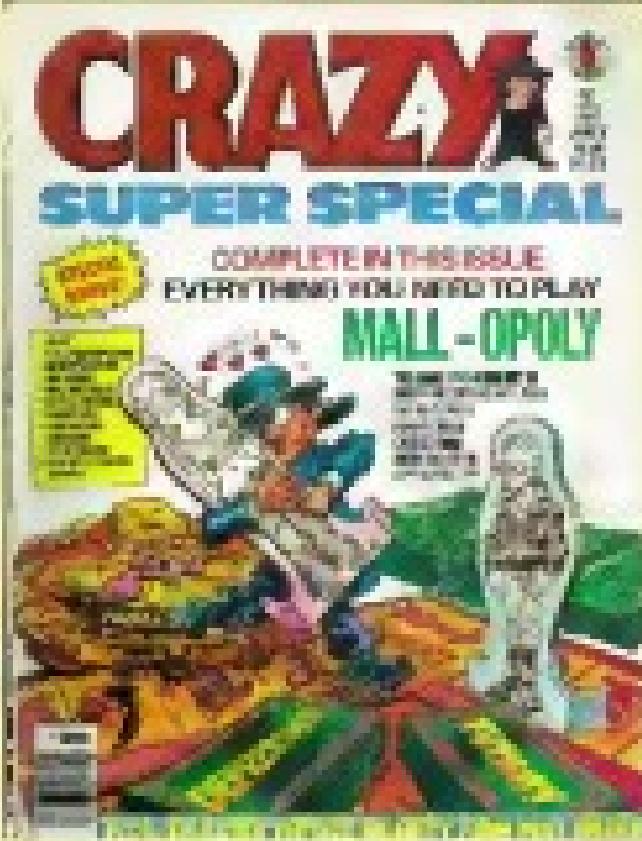
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